The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XVIII | New York, Saturday, April 12, 1919 | Number 232

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SINCE the Peace Conference assembled early in January the Paris correspondents of American newspapers have frequently cabled to this country news as startling as it was contradictory. Again and again they announced that the conferees were about to agree or that it was hopeless to expect agreement. Yet in cabling their contradictory and sensational statements the correspondents were not intentionally deceiving the American public. The mixture of sensation and contradiction was a true reflection of the nature of the peace-makers' task and the state of mind in which they were going about it. An early and a complete agreement upon a treaty of peace was supremely necessary for the statesmen assembled in Paris both in the interest of their reputations and in that of the welfare of their fellow country men and of the world. They frequently pretended they were on the point of agreement in the hope that the announcement of a quick conclusion of their labors might help to bring the conclusion into existence. On the other hand, some of them also hoped that if the nature and cause of their disagreements were permitted to leak out public opinion might be aroused in favor of their contentions or against the contentions of their opponents. The tactics did not have much success. The disagreements continued and have jeopardized the whole work of the Peace Conference. Yet little by little the journalists have prepared the mind of the American public both for the culminating stage of the Conference and for the use, if necessary, by President Wilson of the one threat which may bring the disagreements to a tolerable conclusion.

UNLESS all signs fail the conferees have reached the moment when they must either agree or break. The President's action in ordering his transport, the George Washington, back to France means either that the Conference will present the peace treaty to the German delegates by May 1st or that Mr. Wilson will withdraw from the Conference. Probably he has not actually delivered an ultimatum of this kind to France and to Italy, but he has through the newspapers clearly threatened to do so, and he has evidently decided, if possible, to force an agreement. If Clemenceau and Orlando do not quickly consent to a treaty the chief provisions of which have been indicated by the correspondents, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson will deliver an ultimatum which, at least in the case of the latter, will have to be accompanied by the threat to reply to its rejection by an immediate return to America. The President has a sound defence against any attempt to criticize him for the use of these high-handed methods. He has risked the very foundations of social order in the attempt to reach a purely voluntary agreement. He has pleaded and conferred as long as conference had any chance of being successful. Finally, he has fallen back on a threat, convinced that by no other means could he break the deadlock. In our opinion the chances are that he will succeed in obtaining an agreement. Orlando and Clemenceau occupy a position with respect to Italian and French

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opinion which will scarcely permit them to accept voluntarily a Wilson peace. They may, consequently, need an ultimatum in order to account to their own Parliaments for their signature to the treaty. Apparently they are about to have their need satisfied.

IF an agreement is reached in this way, the Conference will present to the world a better treaty than seemed possible a few weeks or a few months ago. The German-speaking people west of the Rhine will remain German citizens, and France will have to abandon her historic claim for a Rhine frontier which has in the past caused so much military ferment in Europe. The Saar basin will also remain German territory, but France will have, as she ought to have, the use of the Saar coal until the Lens coal district is restored to full productivity. Dalmatia will go to Jugoslavia, and Fiume will be erected into a free port, connected with its hinterland by an internationalized railroad. Danzig will not become Polish, but Polish commerce will use the port without being obliged to pass German tariff restrictions. The bill of indemnities will be large, larger admittedly than Germany can pay, but its amount will not be rigidly determined. Room will be left for future adjustments. Finally, the treaty will not be imposed upon the Germans without affording them any opportunity for discussion. The German delegates will take it to Weimar, where the German National Assembly will debate it. A few weeks ago it looked as if the Assembly would refuse to ratify. But if the treaty follows the lines indicated above, the chance of ratification will be much improved. The German middle classes wish to avoid the proletarian dictatorship which would probably result from a rejection of the treaty. They will sign, if they can and dare; and it is the business of the Conference to offer them a treaty which they can sign, not necessarily without protest and resentment, but assuredly without permanent and radical grievances.

IN all the discussion as to what items shall be entered in Germany's bill for reparations, there appears to be a general tendency to ignore the fact that reparation was explicitly defined in the President's note of November 5th, whose acceptance by Germany terminated the war. "The Allied governments have given careful consideration to the correspondence between the President of the United States and the German government. Subject to the qualifications which follow, they declare their willingness to make peace with the government of Germany on the terms of peace laid down in the President's address to Congress of January, 1918, and the principles enunciated in his subsequent addresses." The first qualification pertains to freedom of the seas; the second deals with the provision for reparation. "The Allied governments feel that no doubt ought to be allowed to exist as to what this provision implies. By it they understand that compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air." There might otherwise be just ground for including other elements in the Allied bill, but an agreement is an agreement.

SECRETARY BAKER'S statement about the independence of the Philippine Islands must be read, we assume, as presupposing a League of Nations. In a world where every independent nation was solely responsible for its own protection, where aggressive economic penetration and manoeuvering to tilt the balance of power were the practice of empires, the Islands would have as small a chance as Morocco, or Persia, or Albania of preserving a substantial independence. But with the establishment of the League, it is fitting that the experiment should be tried, and fine that America should have the opportunity of giving the first concrete testimony of its faith in the League. The abandonment of American sovereignty need not mean the cutting off of the advice and assistance which a disinterested nation can give to a neighbor. In fact, the recognition of independence should make such aid all the more acceptable to the Filipinos in that it can be given without suspicion of ulterior motive. Friendly advice from the powerful to the weak always has in it an element of irritation when the advice rests upon the principle of sovereignty and can be interpreted as dictation. It remains to be seen whether a Republican Congress will endorse or refuse to endorse the steps which a Democratic administration and Congress have taken to bestow independence on the Filipinos. Its action in this matter will doubtless depend upon the policy the Republicans finally adopt towards the League of Nations.

WHAT was the meaning of the Blanquet-Diaz Mexican revolution, which appeared so boldly in the metropolitan press last week? The appeal of the organizers was one of the most remarkable we have ever seen. They sought to rally to their standards the remnants of the old Diaz party, the alien land and concession holders, the Zapatistas and the proletariat generally. The only element they seem to have overlooked is the Villistas, but perhaps these find a place under the general rubric "proletariat." Everyone knows that a

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great deal of plotting against the Carranza government is going on in this country, and that a revolution is hoped for, to lay a basis for a demand for intervention. But certainly the Blanquet-Diaz uprising can't be that revolution. The present is not a time to arouse the American public against Carranza on the ground that his government is too bourgeois, too active in its defense of property interests, too ready to compromise with foreign interests. Yet that is the only appeal by which the Mexican masses can be raised in revolution.

THE interview given out at Coblenz by Congressman Julius Kahn, the Chairman of the House Military Committee, contains two ideas. One, that in the nature of things the League of Nations must fail; two, that the United States must have a standing army of 100,000 volunteers and six months universal training. The merits of his military policy will have to be determined on the basis of the facts as they exist at the conclusion of peace, not on the basis of any assumption that "God has put into individual communities" any particular thing which makes international cooperation impossible. It is well to be gathering information and ideas; it is totally unnecessary to announce conclusions before the essential data are at hand, and of all the data the most essential will be found in the character of the peace and the social condition of Europe at the conclusion of it. The country will certainly have to devise a new military policy. That policy will have to be related to the obligations assumed in the treaty. It will have to be related to the policy of other nations. And it cannot be settled in disregard of either.

THE acquittal of Villain, who murdered Jaurès, immediately after the condemnation of Cottin, who attacked Clemenceau, is one of those deadly parallels which men find it hard to forgive and forget. In reading the accounts of the demonstrations of French workingmen in Paris, it is well to remember that Jaurès was probably the ablest, and certainly the most warmly loved, of democratic leaders. No other Socialist of his time combined so many great qualities. He had the largest political following in France, he was capable of translating his ideals and his protests into policy and administration, he knew the intricacies of Europe far better than any diplomat, he was a force all over the continent, and though a genuine leader of an international movement, he was the author of a military plan which is often regarded as a model of a purely defensive and democratic army system. He was coldly murdered in a public restaurant. There was absolutely no question of the identity of the murderer. At the trial "patriotic zeal" was alleged in extenuation, and a jury acquitted the man on that plea. It was a bad day for the credit of the French government when patriotism was employed to excuse murder.

ACCORDING to the British White Book on Bolshevism, the linen industry in Central Russia is fifty per cent of normal, the woolen trade has decreased sixty per cent; thirty per cent of the cotton mills have been closed down; the silk industry is practically dead. Coal production has fallen sixty per cent, but heavy crops have been produced and the peasants have made money. We do not know what to make of such a report. If the figures are accurate, Russia is going through an industrial crisis no more severe than other countries have known in time of peace. How is it possible that seventy per cent of the cotton mills have remained open? Russia received little more cotton than was required for military use in the period preceding the fall of the Czar; she has received practically none since. Where does the woolen industry get forty per cent of its normal supply of raw materials? We had been led to believe that all Central Russia was suffering from shortage of food, especially meat, and in famine sheep are the first animals to be sacrificed. The Czecho-Slovaks had effectually cut off wool imports from Siberia and the supplies from the south and southeast had to go through territory controlled by the enemies of Soviet Russia. Our guess is that the economic facts given in the White Book are too favorable to the Soviet regime. The inferences our own press draws are on the other hand too unfavorable, because they ignore entirely the relation between the Allied blockade and the collapse of Russian industry.

AT a meeting of the Teachers' Union, according to a report laid before the New York City Board of Education, "the Board was represented as tyrants, oppressors, a privileged class, desirous of suppressing the rights of both teachers and pupils." If there is still anybody in New York who doubts the substantial validity of the indictment, he has only to read the press accounts of the proceedings of the Board on April 7th, to have all his doubts removed. The Board empowered Superintendent Ettinger to institute an immediate and exhaustive investigation into the life, affiliations, opinions and loyalty of every member of the union. If any union-breaking private corporation possesses a more effective instrument of oppression, the Board of Education would like to know about it.

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Should American Questions Be Excepted from Compulsory Conference?

IN commenting in its last issue upon ex-Senator Root's letter to Chairman Hays about the Covenant, the New Republic characterized it as the deadliest blow as yet aimed by any American against an effective League of Nations. That may seem to be strong language, particularly in view of Mr. Root's sympathetic understanding and emphatic endorsement of the major provisions of the Instrument and his unequivocal support of recognition by the American people of their partial responsibility for the future peace of Europe. But after a more careful scrutiny of the text of his letter we have found no sufficient reason for falling back on milder words. Mr. Root's criticism and his proposed reservation by this country of an exclusively American sphere of political influence is more dangerous than the criticisms of Senator Borah and Senator Knox, precisely because he associates with the reservation such an emphatic endorsement of the Covenant as a whole. The Republican Senators in their future attitude towards the League of Nations are likely to accept Mr. Root's combination of criticism and approval. He has suggested a way whereby they can emasculate the Covenant, oppose the President and vindicate their own superior Americanism without ostensibly opposing a League of Nations.

Mr. Root's criticisms and amendments, other than those concerning the Monroe Doctrine, belong to an entirely different class. The rest of his discussion and the accompanying concrete proposals form an admirable example of the most helpful kind of criticism. They deal with real difficulties and weaknesses and they search those difficulties with a candid mind, trained in the exacting art of translating policies and intentions into effective political and legal instruments. In our opinion the larger part of Mr. Root's proposed amendments would improve the Covenant, but if true that is not their greatest merit. No matter whether they would or would not constitute an improvement, their acceptance or rejection would not raise an ultimate issue. The governments of other nations can accept them without altering the essential nature of the Covenant, and if the governments of other nations refused to accept them, their rejection would not afford Mr. Root or any Senator a sufficient reason to vote against an Instrument of which in other respects he approved. They belong, that is, to the class of improvements or unimprovements in detail about which good friends of an enterprise may differ without endangering the enterprise itself. But the proposed reservation in favor of the Monroe Doctrine belongs to a different and a much more troublesome class. Not only could no American who agreed with Mr. Root's arguments in favor of reserving the Monroe Doctrine ratify a Covenant which omitted the reservation, but no European or Asian could consent to the reservation without feeling that they were making an invidious exception in favor of American national susceptibilities or without demanding an analogous exception in favor of a sphere of influence for themselves. Such criticism is clearly destructive. It provokes the kind of disagreement which conference will not adjust and which demands for its settlement the use of some more drastic means.

Because Mr. Root's reservation provokes the kind of disagreement which conference will not adjust, it would, if accepted, introduce an incompatible ingredient into the composition of the League. Mr. Root is quite right in asserting that "the great and essential thing about the plan contained in this constitution for a League of Nations is the making of international conference on political questions compulsory in times of danger." The proposed mechanism whereby it proposes to avoid war depends almost altogether upon the salutary effect of assembling together and discussing differences. If this mechanism is to work effectively, it must apply alike to all nations and to all "political" as distinguished from justiciable disputes. Mr. Root himself emphasizes the distinction between these two groups of questions and falls back upon conference for the adjustment of political disputes. But at the same time he emphatically excepts from the necessity of being submitted to conference any dispute which may arise under the Monroe Doctrine or any future American interpretation of it. His proposed amendment declares that by signing the Covenant the United States shall not relinquish "its traditional attitude towards purely American questions or require the submission of its policy regarding such questions to the decision or recommendation of the other Powers." The European nations, that is, are expected to discuss their political problems with the American nation in return for an American guarantee of the resulting decisions, but an express provision in the international Covenant or reservation to it must exempt the United States from discussing with European nations its policy with respect to all American problems. In Europe compulsory conference. In America no conference at all unless proposed or approved by the American government.

The arguments with which Mr. Root supports the proposed exception of America from compulsory conference derive from a frank assertion of the need of maintaining American isolation from Europe in the interest of American safety. He assumes a fundamental "opposition" between the

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political conditions obtaining in Europe and those obtaining in America, and he infers from this "opposition" the existence of a fundamental difference in the attitude which Europe and the United States must assume towards "the most important questions." "The difficulties, the disturbing conditions, the dangers that threaten are all in the affairs of Europe and the near East." "We do not need any help in preserving peace in America." "To submit the policy of Monroe to a concert composed chiefly of European Powers is to surrender it." By agreeing to discuss purely American questions with European nations the United States would penalize itself for assisting in preserving peace in Europe, "by giving up its own right of self-protection."

It will be difficult for a citizen of France, England or Japan to understand the reason for Mr. Root's combination of compulsory conference in Europe with the exemption from conference in America. Europe is, of course, suffering from "conditions" more threatening to the maintenance of peace than is America, and in joining a European concert the United States is giving up some of its past irresponsibility and is "interfering" in European political controversies. But if the American people do become part of a concert of the Powers for the preservation of peace in Europe, they will do so and be justified in doing so only by virtue of a particular interpretation of the lesson of the last four years. The great war proved that the common interest of all nations in the preservation of peace and the impounding to that end of a common fund of international security were superior to the special and exclusive and what have hitherto been considered the primary interests of any one nation. If such is the lesson of the war, why should there be any necessary "opposition" between Europe and America which renders it unwise for Americans to confer about their political questions with Europe? And in so far as such opposition does exist would it not involve results as dangerous or at least as disagreeable to European nations as to the United States?

At the present moment France and Italy are, for instance, bitterly resenting the necessity of conferring with America about the making of peace; and they resent it for reasons analogous to those suggested by Mr. Root for exempting America from the obligation to confer. Their right of self-protection demands in their opinion special safeguards which they do not wish to submit to conference. If France had the power, she would seize the Rhine frontier and refuse to discuss the matter with the other Allies. If Italy had the power she would pursue the same policy with respect to Fiume and Dalmatia. But this is precisely the method of treating questions of national defense in which the present war originated. When all nations insist on protecting themselves by methods agreeable only to themselves and refuse to discuss those methods with the other nations, they are all condemned to a common insecurity—the kind of insecurity which creates and necessitates purely military alliances. The chief object of a League of Nations is the annihilation of this suicidal practice. President Wilson is offering American assistance in preserving European peace in the expectation that, as a consequence of American aid, France, Italy and the other European Powers can afford to waive the "right of self-protection" and accept in its place an international Federal Reserve system which pools their resources and makes for mutual self-confidence. Mr. Root, by insisting that the "disturbed" conditions will obtain in Europe after the organization of a League of Nations practically assumes the failure of the American sacrifice. Does he understand the consequences of such an assumption? If compulsory conference backed up by American economic and military power does not succeed in pacifying Europe, European nations will have no sufficient reason for purchasing American assistance by surrendering their own right of self-protection.

Neither can we see anything but loss by this country in advocating compulsory conference for the preservation of European peace and rejecting the application of the same method to American questions. As the consequence of such a combination of intervention and isolation, the American people would share with Europe the responsibility and the cost of preserving peace on that continent while assuming the sole burden of maintaining peace in America. Its policy would resemble that of an opulent New York State bank which proposed to enter the Federal Reserve system and pool its resources for the maintenance of general financial security while at the same time refusing to accept any assistance in protecting itself. Such a proposal would look almost incredibly disinterested, but it would involve the bank, no matter how opulent it was, in grave danger and it would not be disinterested in fact as it was in appearance. It would emancipate the American nation from obligations which might prove irksome, but the obligations it would impose upon the American nation would be more than irksome. They would eventually strain the resources even of America. The Monroe Doctrine would remain purely an American policy. No European nation would recognize it because it is not sane statesmanship to recognize a doctrine whose pronouncement refuses to define its precise meaning or to discuss its future application. The Doctrine in that case would rest exclusively on the naval and military power of the United States. If the United States became involved in a dispute with

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a European nation over an American question, the European nation would be entirely free under public law to form an alliance with other American Powers against the United States. Just in so far as a League of Nations was realized in Europe and proclaimed the willingness to confer as the test of international decency, the United States, as the backer of the exceptional Monroe Doctrine, would remain outside the common law. It would have refused to submit its own national policies to the common test of justification by conference. The exceptional responsibility of the United States for its own self-protection would require an exceptional measure of military preparedness.

As a matter of fact, the reservation suggested by Mr. Root would, if attached to the ratification of the Covenant, render the Covenant unworkable. It would immediately raise the question of the rights and standing of American nations other than the United States which were willing to sign the Covenant, but which preferred the protection of the League to its own "right of self-protection." Would the United States refuse to allow Mexico and Argentina to join a league of European nations, because those weaker American Powers preferred the idea of submitting their disputes with their American neighbors to compulsory conference? If the American government did refuse permission, would it not look as if in the name of our own right of self-protection we were depriving Mexico and Argentina of the effective exercise of their right of self-protection? In that event, the American government would deliver notice to the world after the manner of von Bethman-Hollweg that if we wanted to declare war on Mexico, we would not allow any Areopagus to stand in the way. On the other hand, if the United States permitted Mexico to submit its possible disputes with us to compulsory conference, what would become of this precious right of self-protection with which we cannot allow a European Power to tamper? Furthermore, there is an American nation named Canada which possesses an inseparable political connection with the British commonwealth and which depends upon that connection for her ability to protect herself against the United States. Are we under Mr. Root's reservation to discuss an American question concerning Canada only with the Canadian government? Hardly. But if we discuss it, as we would, according to existing precedents with the British government, what could be the objection to using the machinery of the League of Nations to carry on the discussion? The British commonwealth and its self-governing dominions could not relish an arrangement which would include five-sixths of itself in the League of Nations and leave one-sixth outside. Finally, how would the reservation proposed by Mr. Root affect the relations of sea power to the League of Nations? Must not the American Republic either submit American political questions, like other political questions, to compulsory conference, or else build a larger fleet than Great Britain's in order to protect its declared franchise to do in America what was right in its own eyes?

These objections to the reservation of the Monroe Doctrine proposed by Mr. Root seem to us absolute and insuperable. Mr. Root's policy, in spite of its apparent approval of the League, involves consequences not less fatal to the League than the Reed and Borah policy of total rejection. We trust, consequently, that the Republican friends of the Covenant will uncompromisingly oppose its adoption as the official policy of the Republican Senators. Notwithstanding its plausibility and its tactical advantages, it will not stand analysis. If the Republican leaders commit their party to a policy which, no matter what apparent concessions it makes to the need of American participation in a European order, proves in practice fatal to any fulfilment of the hopes of the democracies for a white as opposed to a red internationalism, they can cause the ruin of the League of Nations, but they will involve their own party in a similar fate. Ex-President Taft and President Lowell are much safer leaders for the party in the present crisis than Senator Root.

The Question of the Adriatic

THE rival claims of Italy and Jugoslavia in the Adriatic are in many respects the most difficult with which the Peace Conference must deal. There are strategic, commercial, ethnological, linguistic complications, and over all an extraordinarily opaque mist of misrepresentations by the press bureaus of the two contending nations. The principle appears clear that no peace settlement can be just or stable unless it results in the annexation to Italy of the territories that are prevailingly Italian, nor can any settlement be just or stable that goes beyond the point and creates a Jugoslavia irredenta. Some concessions, however, must be made to strategic requirements so long as the League of Nations remains in an inchoate or experimental state. Therefore, if a particular strip of territory, inhabited by Slavs, would materially strengthen the strategic position of Italy without unduly weakening that of Jugoslavia, we should agree that the principle of nationality ought to yield. Accordingly in our review of the question we are following Maranelli and Salvemini La Questione dell'Adriatico. The authors are liberal nationalists, and have worked out their calculations without the assumption that a League of Nations will affect the

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strategic situation. They demand for Italy whatever is necessary for her national unity and safety and repudiate everything else as sheer sentimental imperialism.

There is no question as to the Italian right to Trieste and its administrative district. According to Austrian statistics, admittedly unfavorable to the Italians, there are 149,000 Italians to 59,000 Slavs. In Gorizia and Gradisca the proportions are reversed, 90,000 Italians to 154,000 Slavs; and in Istria (excluding Volosca and Veglia) 145,000 Italians to 155,000 Slavs. In the three districts taken as a unit the Italians are in a majority of 384,000 against 368,000, even if we accept the Austrian statistics. The real majority is probably nearer forty thousand than sixteen. The Jugoslavs claim Gorizia and Gradisca on grounds of numerical preponderance. But there appears to be substantial justice in the Italian view that the three districts, lying together under the shelter of the Minor Julian Alps, should be treated as a unit, and as such, they are Italian.

If all Italy claimed in this region were the three districts mentioned, it might be taken for certain that she would encounter no resistance in the Peace Conference. But she is claiming as a boundary the main watershed of the Julian Alps, including in a wide fold of purely Slavic lands the city of Fiume. That city is indeed preponderantly Italian, 24,200 Italians against 15,600 Slavs according to the official figures. But this condition is a result of the exclusion of the industrial suburb Sussak, separated from Fiume only by a narrow river, and containing 10,900 Slavs to 1,500 Italians. In the rest of the territory that would necessarily go to Italy if the boundaries were so drawn as to include Fiume there are over 90,000 Slavs and less than 5,000 Italians. The demand for Fiume, therefore, amounts to a project of annexing considerably more than 100,000 Slavs and at most 30,000 Italians. If Fiume is awarded to Jugoslavia, there will still be ten times as many Slavs under the Italian flag in the upper Adriatic as Italians under the Jugoslav flag.

The Italian national claim to Fiume and the surrounding country is very slender. Much more slender is the claim to Dalmatia. Here the official figures give the Italians less than 18,000, the Slavs 610,000. Double the Italian proportion in order to allow for all possible inaccuracies: it still remains insignificant. Plainly we have to deal here with a claim resting on something other than a nationality basis, unless we are to assume, with the more arrogant Italian imperialists, that the superior culture of the Italians makes each one of them count for twenty or thirty Slavs.

The Italian claim to Dalmatia is strategic. The Italians wish the Adriatic to be safe for Italian commerce; they wish their west coast to be adequately protected against bombardment from sea and against landing parties that might cut the railway which follows the coast line. If there were no way to gain such security except by the annexation of Dalmatia there might be an argument for even such a flagrant violation of nationality. But the Italian coast towns and Adriatic commerce will be safe so long as the Italians control the Straits of Otranto—which they can do by the occupation of a base like Vallona—certain islands of the outer Dalmatian series, like Lissa, and the great base of Pola in the upper Adriatic. With the Italians in such a position no hostile fleet inferior to theirs would dare to take the sea in the Adriatic. If Jugoslavia could build a superior fleet, not even the possession of the Dalmatian coast could give Italy security. But would not the possession of that coast keep Jugoslavia from building a fleet? Not at all. The Italians do not propose to rob the Jugoslavs of the ports to the south of Dalmatia. Italian security can be established, after all, only by a treaty underwritten by the League requiring the Jugoslavs to abstain from maintaining warships in the Adriatic. They will not need it for defensive purposes and they ought not to be contemplating offense.

There is another point to be considered here. If Dalmatia is annexed by Italy to protect the Adriatic, how is Dalmatia to be protected? Dalmatia is merely a narrow fringe of rough land rising from the sea to the Vellebit mountains and the Dinaric Alps, neither of which presents a difficult barrier against the hinterland. At innumerable points on the three hundred mile frontier, forces from the Bosnian and Croatian plateaus could penetrate Dalmatia and tax the military resources of Italy to dislodge them. The simple fact is that there is here no natural frontier. Dalmatia is an element of strategic weakness, not of strength.

Nor are there valid strategic reasons for annexing Fiume and its adjacent Slavic lands. No hostile fleet could issue from Fiume if the Italians controlled the Istrian peninsula and the island of Cherso. The annexation of Fiume is demanded for quite another reason. That is to be found in the system of railways leading into Central Europe. Fiume and Trieste are almost equidistant from Vienna and Pesth, and Fiume is besides the natural port of much of Croatia and part of Bosnia. If Trieste were Italian and Fiume Jugoslav, what guarantee would there be against cut-throat competition between the two ports?

Competition there would be, no doubt, but very soon the two ports would be forced to compound their private difficulties in order to win traffic away

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from the North Sea ports, the Aegean and the Danube. The Adriatic is not a specially favorable trade route. Only low rates and port charges could tempt Central European shipments bound for Suez away from Saloniki, or shipments bound for the Atlantic away from Antwerp and Hamburg. That is a condition that naturally drives ports like Trieste and Fiume to cooperate, whether they are under one nation or not.

Fiume would, however, possess a certain commercial value for Italy. What commercial value could be imputed to Dalmatia? There is no brilliant future before Dalmatia, in agriculture, industry or commerce. The country is devoid of minerals, and most of its surface is fit for nothing but pasturage for sheep and goats. If the Dalmatian ports are ever to thrive it must be through traffic originating in the hinterland. There will be no such traffic if Italy holds Dalmatia. The Jugoslavs will build no railways down the gorges of the Dinaric Alps if they are to debouch in ports under the Italian flag. They will turn their faces to the Aegean, to the disadvantage of Dalmatia and the whole Adriatic.

It is a safe assertion that Italy would get nothing out of Dalmatia and the Slavic territories around Fiume that is worth the price of Jugoslav enmity. If Italy were ready to renounce those projects, she could easily win from the Jugoslavs an agreement to maintain no war vessels in the Adriatic. She could also secure an agreement, guaranteed by the League of Nations, protecting the liberties of the inhabitants of the Italian cities, Fiume, Zara, Sebenico, Spalato. What perverse influence is it that is driving her on to seek more and get less?

It is easily understood that at the time when European politics was conceived by the experts as a process destined to establish the undisputed hegemony of one or another of the Great Powers, there was uneasiness in Italy over the rise of the South Slav movement. Serbia was, according to the Realpolitiker, an outpost of Russia. To have such an outpost extend its power through the whole length of the western Adriatic appeared from this point of view a grave menace to Italy. Austria's work in keeping the South Slavs in subjection was in so far regarded as of immediate benefit to Italy.

When the war broke out, the organ of the Clericals, the Corriere d'Italia first assumed the leadership of the Slavophobes in its issue of August 3, 1914. On September 8th Prince von Bülow began his propaganda to convince the Italian public how gravely they were menaced by panslavism. Soon a horde of papers of Teutonizing tendencies joined the cry for annexation of Slavic territories. Cavallini, later condemned to death in France for treason, wrote in May, 1915, "The present task is to foment the difficulties between Italy and the Slavs." Americans will be struck by the analogous manner in which certain of our pro-Germans sought to involve us in trouble with Mexico in order to prevent us from joining the Allies.

By whatever reasons of national panic, of pro-Germanism, of expansionist ambition the agitation for annexing Dalmatia and Fiume was first engineered, the movement presently acquired a vitality of its own in public opinion. It became official with the government and gained the powerful support of the official propaganda. The censorship suppressed all effective criticism, until at the end of the war only a few liberals like Bissolati had the courage to oppose the annexationist demand. Yet by that time the menace of panslavism had altogether disappeared and the utter defeat of the Central Powers counselled the wisdom of conciliating for Italian benefit the good will of the new nations arising in Austria Hungary. It is inconceivable that men like Orlando and Sonnino do not see clearly that Italy will not profit in the end by succeeding to the Austrian title of oppressor of the South Slavs. But the expansionist propaganda has created in the minds of great numbers of Italians the illusion that Italy has much to gain; that somehow Dalmatia and Fiume would afford compensation for the burdens and sufferings of the war. That is why the present government can back down only under the compulsion of the other Allied Powers.

Mr. Hurley's Plan

MR. HURLEY made before the National Marine League recently a speech of the highest importance. Four and a half months before, the armistice had been signed and with the signing had passed that need for "ships, ships and more ships" which turned the United States into a nation of shipbuilders. During those four and a half months there was no official merchant marine policy. Public utterances of members of the Shipping Board indicated indecision and groping in the dark. Decisions were taken only as the exigencies of the moment compelled them, the government moving only when the pressure of interested groups made it easier to move than to stand still. The Shipping Board seemed to have abdicated its primary function of advising Congress on the welfare of the American merchant marine, and outsiders were taking the initiative in framing a policy. Now, for the first time, an official programme for the disposition of the 14,000,000 ton government-owned merchant marine of 1920 has been put forth.

Mr. Hurley's speech is encouraging as a sign that we are at last approaching an end of the period of

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planless drift. Unfortunately in its major recommendations it was most disappointing. After a brief review of the Shipping Board's record of war construction, a deserved tribute to certain of its subordinates, and a somewhat nebulous warning against "stock-jobbing" and over-capitalization, Mr. Hurley mentioned six possible plans for the disposition of the government's ships, ranging from complete government ownership and operation, to unrestrained private ownership and operation. On examination Mr. Hurley's six plans prove to be a condensation and paraphrase of the nine plans enumerated by Senator Ramsdell in the Senate on February 24th. After a brief review of the pros and cons of government ownership, along traditional lines, Mr. Hurley came to his own plan. In large outline it is as follows: The ships are to be sold to American citizens at a price which "fairly reflects the current world market for similar tonnage," twenty-five per cent of the price to be paid down, ten per cent after the first year, nine per cent after the second, and thereafter eight per cent until all is paid. The purchaser is to be compelled to insure his equity in the ship—the portion of the value which he has paid for—in an American insurance company, while the government will enter the marine risk on its equity—the unpaid portion—in a government insurance fund. The government is to charge five per cent interest on all unpaid installments of the purchase price, but of this only four per cent is to be turned into the Treasury, the remaining one per cent going into a "Merchant Marine Development Fund." Into this fund are to be paid also the profits of the government's insurance fund. During the first year, Mr. Hurley's statisticians estimate that $14,000,000 will go into the fund, and during ten years $83,533,170.70.

This Merchant Marine Development Fund is to be placed in the hands of the Shipping Board "or other designated government agency," to be used "as may be necessary" for the development of the American merchant marine. Purchasers are to be required to incorporate under federal law, and the board of directors of each federal corporation is to contain one director appointed by and representing the government. Collectively, the government directors are to constitute a board meeting at Washington periodically with important advisory functions. The government is to retain control of maximum freight rates, either through legislation or by agreement as a part of the bargain of sale.

The plan, in short, is to sell the government ships to American citizens at market prices. That is its essence; the rest is trimmings. What price does Mr. Hurley expect to get for them? The ships already built by the government cost close to $200 a deadweight ton, and for the future there is talk of readjusting contracts to a basis of $150 a deadweight ton. They will be sold in competition with ships that cost $40 and $50 a deadweight ton. We may expect to "write off" some of the high cost of the ships and charge it up to the war. But are we ready to adopt a policy that means a loss of from 50 per cent to 75 per cent of the nation's investment? What is a prudent American citizen likely to bid? He knows that the net merchant marine loss during the war, including that of Germany, as most liberally estimated by Mr. Hurley, is only 4,319,000 gross tons, to offset which the United States is planning to build 6,600,000 gross tons by the end of 1920. Great Britain (again quoting Mr. Hurley), has an annual shipbuilding capacity of 3,000,000 gross tons a year. Japan, of 1,700,000 gross tons a year; while Italy, France and the Scandinavian countries also are building ships at an unprecedented rate. Our American citizen knows, therefore, that he cannot rely on the insured profits which fell into his lap while the German submarine was gradually picking off his competitors. He may have faith in an increased American foreign trade, while the war-bared larder of the world is being replenished; but everywhere he will find powerful foreign steamship lines with expert organization and secure prestige, already in possession of the field and ready to swallow the new business. Perhaps in the end he can dislodge these competitors, but it will be a long up-hill fight.

He cannot rely on a continuance of the present profitable freight earnings, for Mr. Hurley is retaining power to regulate his maximum freight rates; and he has no safeguard against periods of trade stagnation, for Mr. Hurley is not offering to guarantee his minimum earnings. On top of all these uncertainties he will find that American capital has a traditional aversion for the sea, and that just now it is most profitably employed in liberty loans and other safe and lucrative inland activities. Can we expect him to offer for a ship two or three times the price at which the great bulk of his competitors' ships were built? It is possible that one or two or a dozen ships might be profitably sold to American citizens today, but Mr. Hurley proposes to sell three and a half million deadweight tons at once, and ten million more within two years. Such an avalanche of tonnage was never thrown upon the market before; even the best of markets would sag under its weight. Our present market, with its uncertainties, would assuredly go to pieces in a few days.

At best it is a gamble whether our new merchant marine can be profitably operated under the Ameri-

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can flag. It is a gamble which we must take, but one which the nation can take more safely and at a far lower cost than a private citizen. At least until conditions of foreign trade and finance have become stabilized, so that the future can to some degree be forecast, the government should retain title to the ships and arrange for their operation, according to the needs of particular trades and services, by private or semi-public shipping corporations on a rental, or agency, or profit-sharing basis.

Aside from its essential feature of immediate sale of the ships, the most striking trimming to Mr. Hurley's plan is the Merchant Marine Development Fund. Superficially, it looks most attractive. It costs the government nothing, for the government (assumes Mr. Hurley, erroneously, alas!) can raise money at four per cent, while the purchaser will not object to paying five per cent. It meets the public objection to subsidies, for it will not be the government which is paying the shipowners a subsidy, but the shipowner who is paying himself a subsidy. Surely he cannot object to doing that! Yet this simple scheme will yield an income to the fund which "expert shipping men" whose identity is not revealed have "carefully computed" to be double the sum necessary "to meet any contingency likely to arise."

Unfortunately the skillful and expert ship operator who by close application to his work is just able to make both ends meet in his auditor's office, will soon discover that his good money is being used to meet recurring and regrettable "contingencies" in the auditor's office of his weak and incompetent competitor. He will soon find that Mr. Hurley's painless subsidy is being paid by the efficient shipowners to the inefficient. Congress also will have a word to say. Mr. Hurley proposes that the Shipping Board (or, modestly, some "other designated agency") shall be free to wield "as may be necessary for the development of the American Merchant Marine" $14,000,000 in a single year, and $83,000,000 in ten years. Congress has always been dubious about patronage which it cannot itself directly bestow; but, jealousy aside, it cannot look with equanimity at a proposal to allow five men to disburse this fund of $83,000,000 "as may be necessary" to whoever can persuade them that he is promoting the development of the American Merchant Marine.

Finally, the moral effect of such a plan on American shipowners will be bad beyond measure. A shipping company will succeed only if it has intelligent managers who give their undivided attention to the business of operating ships. Mr. Hurley's plan will make it more profitable to pay individual attention to the technique of obtaining favors from the Merchant Marine Development Fund.

"Other Heresies"

THE old subject of free speech, at an amazing new angle, has been brought up to the country by the ingenuity of the Board of Education of Washington, D. C. The educational authorities of the national capital have forbidden the teachers of current events in the city's high school to discuss the following subjects:

1. Bolshevism.
2. The League of Nations.
3. "Other heresies."

President Wilson will be greatly interested when he returns.

The incident began with an inquiry propounded to a teacher in the Washington Western High School by an extremely inquiring student. This student wanted to know if Bolshevists were anarchists. The teacher thereupon explained the difference between Bolshevists and anarchists and recounted the struggle between the two groups in Russia. She displayed a most creditable and even curious amount of knowledge. Few people in all America seem to know that the anarchists fought the Bolshevists and contended with them violently for the mastery of Russia. This teacher knew it. Her name is Alice Wood.

The inquiring student went on then apparently with his inquiries, and Miss Wood is reported to have made two statements, one of which she admits and the other of which she utterly denies. Both her admission and her denial might seem to be entitled to full credence; because the only listeners to her remarks were children, whose testimony on matters so controversial and intricate would naturally be presumed in any court to be inadequate.

The remark she admits making was this: that the Soviet form of election is a form suiting the history and temperament of Russia and accordingly probably good for Russia. It will be noticed that she spoke here of the Soviet form, of the Soviet framework, and not of the Bolshevist party.

The remark she denies making was this: that the Soviet form of election is a better form than the American form.

A few weeks later the Superintendent of Schools, acting for the Board of Education, sent her a letter in which there are two passages which cannot be read too often. They repay repeated study.

After informing Miss Wood that she was suspended for a week without pay, the letter goes on:

"The Board took this action because of your attempt to touch on and interpret certain economic and social subjects in which you were clearly an amateur."

Miss Wood was an amateur in Bolshevism. Yet she had discussed Bolshevism. In doing so, she was

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wrong—according to the Board. But she was required to teach current events. As a teacher of English she was under orders to teach current events. A great questioning therefore arose among all the Washington teachers of English and of current events. The world is every day producing a large number of events in Railroad Regulation, Tariff, Federal Farm Loans, Bubonic Plague, the Maintenance of Resale Prices, Single Tax, Vers Libre, the Dalmatian Coast, the American Merchant Marine and the Ponderability of Light. Hereafter, according to the Board of Education of Washington, D. C., the teachers of English who teach current events in the Washington high schools must not discuss any of these subjects unless they are experts in them. It raised a difficulty.

The Superintendent therefore went on to solve the difficulty. He essentially divided all subjects into two classes. In the first class, apparently, the teacher did not need to be an expert. The subjects in that class she might discuss freely. The names of these subjects are to be deduced from their omission from mention in the second class. The second class is entirely different from the first class. A teacher must not discuss the subjects in the second class, no matter how expert she may be in them. The Superintendent points out the second class and defines it in the second memorable passage in his letter. He tells Miss Wood that when she returns to teaching after her week's suspension she must refrain from "touching upon" certain subjects. One must notice she is not ordered to refrain from advocating or from combating the ideas in certain subjects. She is not ordered to re-refrain from being a partisan. She is ordered to refrain from "touching upon," from discussing, from teaching, certain subjects. They are:

Bolshevism and "similar heresies."

At once the teachers of English who teach current events in the high schools of Washington were filled with an alarmed curiosity to know what those "similar heresies" might be. Some of them stopped teaching current events until their curiosity could be gratified. They did not want to take any chances on suspensions and losses of pay. They distrusted their own ability to discriminate between heretical and orthodox subjects. At any rate, they distrusted their ability to coincide with the opinions of the Board on orthodoxy and on heresy without further instructions. Also, they wished to know if they might discuss a dead heresy. In recounting the Presidential campaign of 1896, for instance, was it permissible to mention the Democratic candidate and his ideas or would it be necessary to relate the history of the campaign without "touching on" Mr. Bryan and Free Silver?

The Superintendent felt that he must clear up this difficulty too. His feeling did him honor. He proceeded on the line of his duty, as an employee of that kind of Board of Education, toward a degree of clearness blindingly illuminating. He sent out instructions, by word of mouth, to the effect that one of the subjects not to be discussed was "the League of Nations."

In time, doubtless, the list of "other heresies" will be expanded. In view of the proximity of the Washington Board of Education to the White House, the process will not be difficult or slow. There is the "Self-Determination of Peoples," for instance, an idea which makes much trouble for the House of Have, and there is "Collective Bargaining," an idea continually appearing in the public prints and very popular with the House of Have Not. The President of the Board of Education of Washington, D. C., is George E. Hamilton, President of the Capital Traction Company.

However, it may well be that the Board will rest on its oars. It well might. It has done a good deal. It has abolished Lenin's system of things and it has abolished Wilson's system of things out of the education of its city. It has stricken from its curriculum of current events the two largest events current.

Lately this country has been considerably stirred by revelations of astounding and appalling illiteracy in the American draft army. But is there anything to be gained by curing American illiteracy if American children as soon as they can read are given over to the care of such people as the members of the Board of Education of Washington, D. C.? Literacy is only a means to an end. The end is knowledge of life as lived and therefore ability to meet it in the power of knowledge. The Board of Education of Washington, D. C., would destroy that end.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1919, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE: REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Mr. Burleson, Service-Wrecker

IN the year 1916 Mr. Burleson began to give his special attention to the wrecking of the postal service in general by means of a special and particular wrecking of the service on railway mail-cars. The Department had usually proceeded on the principle that mail should be sorted (as much as possible) while on wheels. The Department had usually proceeded on the principle that if you sort mail while it is moving, you accomplish two things simultaneously: the sorting and the moving. Mr. Burleson developed an uncontrollable passion for sorting mail standing still. It broke out on him in four principal symptoms.

First, he reduced the number of railway post office cars. Trains that used to carry railway post office cars now carried them no longer. Trains that used to carry two railway post office cars now carried one. The reduction was drastic.

On the first of November in 1916 the total number of miles travelled annually by railway post office cars in the service of the mails was at the rate of 340,000,000. On the first of July in 1918 (less than two years later) it was at the rate of 293,000,000. The reduction in annual mileage was fourteen per cent.

In the meantime the mails had increased greatly in volume. The first test of the volume of the mails is the receipts from the public, in postage, in money. This test does not show the whole of the increase in volume; because, for instance, it does not show the enormous war-time increase in franked government mail on which no postage is paid. Still, so far as it goes, it is a sound test. Applying it, we get the following comparison:

In the fiscal year 1916, the receipts of the Post Office were $312,000,000. In the fiscal year 1918 (on normal postage) they were $344,000,000. There was an increase of nine per cent in volume in two years, while in less than two years there was a reduction of fourteen per cent in railway post office car service.

It effected a great economy in the accounts of the Post Office Department at Washington. Its influence on the accounts of the patrons of the Post Office was different. In the year 1918 the Merchants' Association of New York issued an Inquiry Concerning Mail Delays. The technical conduct of this inquiry was in the hands of persons personally familiar with the postal service, but a wealth of raw material was gladly furnished from all over the country by a host of Post Office patrons financially injured and enraged. Out of hundreds of incidents, technically verified, the following one will be a typical example.

Before Mr. Burleson got into his stride, there used to be a railway post office line running through Muskogee in Oklahoma from Denison north to Kansas City. It was a little line, in size. It consisted of a half car, of half of a combination-car. One end of this combination-car was for baggage, reserved to the railway. The other half was for mail, reserved to the Post Office and carrying a clerk. It started from Denison early in the morning; and it received mail at Denison and at all points north of Denison, destined to Muskogee and to all points north of Muskogee; and it sorted these mails, it "worked" them, as it went. At 12:45 it arrived at Muskogee. There it threw off the morning's mail for Muskogee, from Denison and from all points between Denison and Muskogee; and there it took on the morning's mail from Muskogee for all points north; and it then proceeded fifteen miles northward to an important point called Wagoner. Wagoner is a junction-point. Much mail has to be thrown off there. By the time this railway post office reached Wagoner, it had been "working" its mails, it had been separating them and distributing them and tying them up into different packages for different destinations, ever since seven o'clock in the morning. The working was done; and different separated and distributed packages were thrown off numerously at Wagoner for many different destinations in Oklahoma and in Kansas and in Arkansas; and the railway post office proceeded again northward toward Kansas City.

This was before Mr. Burleson saw it. It was a little line, but he saw it. He revised it to make it as follows:

The train starts from Denison in the early morning, just as before. But the railway post office is not on it. The space formerly occupied by the railway post office is still there. The combination-car is still there. The baggage-end of it is still travelling right along; and, securely attached, the mail-end is still travelling right along, too, but it is empty. It carries no mail and it carries no clerk. Mr. Burleson, the world's champion economist, has ceased to rent it. It is travelling vacant. It accepts no mail, but the baggage-end is accepting mail. Yes. It is accepting it on two conditions. It must be mail for points *north* of Muskogee, *only* for points north of Muskogee; and it must come in closed pouches. This mail is not sorted. It is not worked. It lies in its closed pouches in the baggage-end of the combination-car, travelling as

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baggage, untouched. And so we come to Muskogee.

Here we used to provide the people of Muskogee with their morning's mail from Denison and from all points between Denison and Muskogee. We provide them with it no longer. They will get it on a later train in the late afternoon. They will have to put up with their personal private loss. We are an efficiency and economy train, efficient and economical for the Post Office Department. We specialize on mails not for Muskogee but for points *north* of Muskogee. Therefore it is only at Muskogee that we become a railway post office. There, however, we do become one. The mail-end of the combination-car is now opened up. The closed pouches in the baggage-end are carried into the mail-end. The morning's mail from Muskogee for points north is put aboard. A railway postal clerk takes charge. The railway post office gets to work. It opens the pouches. It starts sorting. And the train proceeds toward Wagoner.

But Wagoner, by definition, is only fifteen miles away. This railway post must now sort all its mails, all its accumulations of mails from Denison north, in fifteen miles. It is hard to do; and, when the report of the Merchants' Association was made, was not getting done. Much mail was remaining unsorted when Wagoner was reached. Much mail therefore which ought to have been thrown off at Wagoner for a large number of different points in Oklahoma and in Kansas and in Arkansas was being carried straight through Wagoner on toward Kansas City. It could come back later. The addressees could receive it a day late.

Mr. Burleson's conception of public service is not service. His conception of it is a surplus. In order to get a surplus, on the books, he is perfectly willing to deprive Muskogee of a mail-delivery and to send mails into the junction of Wagoner unworked. Such reductions of service to patrons are inevitable when the mileage of railway post office cars is so radically reduced. But Mr. Burleson had used up only one of his four ideas about the postal service on wheels.

The second was to buy all his postal service accommodations from the railways on a system of space instead of on a system of weight. The financial results, on the books, are excellent. The results on the service, again, are different.

When you bought by weight you could put some sort of mail on almost any train that came along. The railway had contracted to carry the mails. It had sold you essentially the right to put the mails on. That was essentially what you had bought. Now, on the space system, what you buy is certain definite amounts of space on certain definite trains.

A train comes in. You own space on it. You own a whole car, fitted up to be a railway post office. Or you own a whole car of a different sort, fitted up simply for storage haulage, without a clerk and without facilities for sorting. Or, under the new system, you own, as storage space, a certain measured part of a car, measured by feet. You own seven lineal feet of it. Or you own three lineal feet. You own it on a certain train. The train comes in. On go the mails, and on goes the train. Perfectly satisfactory perhaps.

But the next train comes in, and you may own no space on it at all. What then? Then there may be six trucks of mail on the platform, but you cannot put a letter of it on the train. The train pulls out and the mails stay behind. And what then? Then Mr. Burleson congratulates himself.

In his last annual report he tells us that in the old days we used to have "frequent and unnecessary dispatches of mail." He implies that he has reduced them. He has. Under the present system, as operated, he cannot help it. With railway accommodations being bought by space, *and with the space coming in only on given trains,* the reduction in the number of "frequent" dispatches is inevitable. But were those " frequent " dispatches unnecessary?

The answer is spread large in the Merchants' Association report. Those dispatches were indeed unnecessary for economy. But, by common sense, and by the record, as established by all inquiries of patrons, those dispatches were essential to speed. They were essential, that is, to the ensuring of the greatest possible maximum speed against all chances at all times.

Mr. Burleson struck at the main flowing artery of the speed of the whole postal service when he struck at the railway mail-car service and kept on striking at it. His third idea hit it again, in its personnel.

By reducing the number of railway post offices (as per idea one), Mr. Burleson had already reduced the number of railway postal clerks. He had already effected a reduction in his wage-bill as well as in his railway pay-bill. His appetite was whetted. He proceeded to make a special examination of railway postal-clerk routes and crews.

He would find, for instance, that on a certain route there were six crews. They worked, each of them, six days on, perhaps, and six days off. During their six days on they worked very long hours. During their six days off they rested and studied their distribution schemes. They have to study all the time.

Mr. Burleson "readjusted" them. He would change them over, for instance, from six-days-on-and-six-days-off to six-days-on-and-*three*-days off.

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They complained. They complained from one end of the United States to the other. Their President, Mr. E. J. Ryan, was only voicing their complaints in this matter and in other matters when he issued the circular of remonstrance which led to his discharge from the service and which finally carried the Railway Mail Association into the American Federation of Labor. But Mr. Burleson succeeded. He "readjusted" the hours; and, by "readjusting" the hours, he reduced the number of crews. Routes which used to have six crews now had five. Routes which used to have three crews now had two.

Remembering the increase in the volume of the mails during the two years from 1916 to 1918, one has to look with admiration at the administrative courage revealing itself in the wreckage pictured thus:

CLERKS IN RAILWAY SERVICE

Nov. 1, 1916	19,170
July 1, 1918	17,608

That is:

Increase in mails	14 per cent
Decrease in clerks	13 per cent

And the fourth idea arrived. It concerned itself with decreasing the amount of service to be given on the decreased number of railway post office cars. Having reduced the number of cars, Mr. Burleson decided to reduce the amount of sorting and distributing to be done on the cars remaining.

For instance, on March 13th of this year, he issued an order regarding the working of mails on the railway post office running between Chicago and New York through Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany. It provides that no paper mail (except daily papers) for nine specified states, shall any longer be worked on that line. No paper mail (except daily papers) shall any longer be sorted and distributed on that line en route. It shall lie in sacks. The number of sacks affected daily is more than 1600. All the mail in all those sacks must lie unsorted and undistributed and be carried forward as dead baggage. When it gets to Albany it is no farther along toward distribution than when it left Buffalo.

But it has to be distributed somewhere. All this mail withdrawn by idea one and by idea four from distribution on wheels has to be worked and sorted and distributed somewhere before it can be delivered to the addressees. Mr. Burleson distributes it in buildings. He hates railway-cars and loves buildings. The buildings do not move toward the addressees. They are slower. But they are cheaper. The rent of sixty lineal feet standing still is lower than the rent of sixty lineal feet moving. Therefore "terminals," in profusion.

There is a "terminal" at Albany. It is a distribution room, manned by distribution clerks. It operates, for illustration, in this manner:

Paper mail is put on the Chicago and New York railway post office line at, say, Rochester. It is destined, say, to a point in Massachusetts. It used to be distributed on the train. Now it rides along in a sack untouched. It reaches Albany. There is a train going out toward Boston at once. Mr. Burleson does not care. He is going to distribute that mail on solid ground. He takes it off the New York train and carries it to the Albany terminal. There he holds it and distributes it; and the immediate Boston train goes on; and Mr. Burleson catches the next train if he can.

All over the United States Mr. Burleson is sorting all the mail he can in "terminals" stock-still and as little of it as he can on railways travelling. It is the essence of his distribution system; and it is the essence of the reason why the final sum of his efforts in office is a swollen surplus in money and a shrunken service in speed.

Naturally he shrank the other branches of the service, too. When he could not shrink them absolutely, he shrank them relatively. This general fact can be put into one comparison, drawn from that branch of the service which is closest to the patron—city delivery.

Compare the years 1915 and 1918. The receipts, the volume, increased *twenty* per cent. The number of city delivery letter-carriers increased five per cent. The total amount of money spent on city delivery increased *two* per cent.

Relative to the amount of work done, we have fewer letter-carriers now than we had in 1915. Each letter-carrier, loaded heavily in 1915, is loaded still more heavily now. But he would not mind his load if his heart was light. The Merchants' Association and similar bodies seem to be blind at that point. Mr. Burleson has impaired the physical postal service, they say. But what he has done to the physical postal service is nothing, even from the standpoint of mere efficiency, compared with what he has done to the human postal service. What he has done to the railway mail-cars is nothing (as will be shown in the next article) compared with what he has done to the railway postal clerks, in spirit, in mental attitude, in what General Munson labored so hard at in the American army morale.

Out of demoralization, though, and in reaction to it, has come the movement now to be considered, the movement which demands:

Fire the efficiency experts who are mere efficiency bugs; hire some efficiency humans: and make a federal employment management system physically serviceable because psychologically and spiritually right.

WILLIAM HARD.

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The Douanier Rousseau

WAS he really a great painter? A new generation is beginning to ask the question that we answered, once and for all as we thought, ten years ago. Yes, of course, the douanier was—a remarkable painter. The man who influenced Derain and to some extent Picasso is not likely to have been less. But a great painter? For the present, at any rate, let us avoid great words.

In 1903, when first I lived in Paris, Rousseau appeared to be very much "in the movement." That was because by nature he was what thoughtful and highly trained artists were making themselves by an effort: he was direct. To us it seemed, in those days, that a mass of scientific irrelevancies and intellectual complications had come between the artist and his vision and again between the vision and its expression. In a desperately practical and well organized age, which recognized objects by their labels and never dreamed of going beneath these to discover the things themselves; artists, we thought, were in danger of losing the very stuff of which visual art is made—the direct, emotional reaction to the visible universe. People had grown so familiar with the idea of a cup, with that purely intellectual label "Cup," that they never looked at a particular cup and felt its emotional significance. Also, professional painters had provided themselves with a marvellous, scientific apparatus for describing "the idea of a cup" in line and color; they had at their fingers' ends a plastic notation that corresponded with the labels by which things are intellectually recognized. They neither felt things nor expressed their feelings. For even when an artist was capable of a direct, personal reaction it was almost impossible for him not to lose it in the cogs and chains of that elaborate machinery of scientific representation to which he had been apprenticed. A determination to free artists from utilitarian vision and the disastrous science of representation was the theoretic basis of that movement which is associated with the name of Cézanne.

From the latter, at any rate, the douanier needed no freeing. Such science as he acquired in the course of his life was a means to expressing himself and not to picture-making. As for his vision, that was as direct and first-hand as the vision of a primitive or a child; and to a primitive his admirers were in the habit of likening him, to a child his detractors. His admirers were right; his art is not childish. Primitives, because they are artists, have to grapple with the artistic problem. They have, that is, to create form that will express an emotional conception, they have to express their sense of something they have seen and felt. A child may well have an artistic vision; for all that a child is never, or hardly ever, an artist. It wrestles with no problem because it does not try to express anything. It is a mere symbolist who uses a notation not to express what it feels but to convey information. A child's drawing of a horse is not an expression of its sense of a horse, but a symbol by which other people can recognize that what occupies a certain position in its figured story is a horse. The child is not an artist but an illustrator who uses symbolism. When, using Mr. Bertrand Russell's new symbolism, I say that $L^{c3} < {}^{1}\!-\!C^{c}t$ = the Almighty, clearly I am not expressing my feeling for infinite and omnipotent goodness. Neither does the child who teases you to look at its charming colored diagram of the farmyard expect you to share an emotional experience. Doubtless the vanity of the craftsman demands satisfaction; but chiefly the child wishes to assure itself that some impartial judge can interpret its notation. One definitely artistic gift, however, many children do possess, and that is a sense of the decorative possibilities of their medium. This gift they have in common with the primitives; and this the douanier possessed in an extraordinary degree.

Of Rousseau's sense of the decorative possibilities of paint it is, I suppose, unnecessary to say anything. Gauguin called his black "inimitable." But, indeed, we all agree now, that, if the term "decorative" is to be used in this limited and rather injurious sense, Rousseau, as a decorator, takes rank with the very greatest. More important is it to realize that Rousseau had his problem; and that he approached it in the spirit of a primitive. His reactions were as simple and genuine as those of any child; he experienced them with that passion which alone provokes to creation; his problem was to express them sincerely and simply in the medium of which he could make such exquisite use. His vision was as unsophisticated as that of Orcagna and in translating it he was as conscientious; but he was a smaller artist because he was less of an artist.

It has been said that Rousseau came short of greatness for want of science. That I do not believe. Can it be supposed that any man who has applied himself intelligently to any art for forty years will not have acquired science enough to state clearly what is clear, intense and clamoring for expression in his mind? I see no reason for supposing that Rousseau ever failed from lack of science to express himself completely. The fault was in what he had to express. Rousseau was inferior to the great primitives because he lacked their taste, or, to put the matter more forcibly, because he was less of an artist. An artist's conception should be like a perfectly cooked pudding, cooked all through and in every part. His problem is to create an ex-

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pressive form that shall fit exactly an artistic conception. His subject may be what he pleases. But, unless that subject has been carried to the high regions of art and there, in a dry æsthetic atmosphere, sealed up in a purely æsthetic conception, it can never be externalized in pure form. That is what the great primitives did and what the douanier could not do always. In his pudding there are doughy patches. He is sentimental; and he is not sentimental as Raphael and El Greco are.

With a race of genteel but strangely obtuse critics it was formerly the fashion to depreciate Raphael and El Greco on the ground that they were sentimental. Sentimental they are, in a sense. Their subjects are sentimental; and the religiosity of some of Greco's is downright disgusting. But of these subjects every scrap has been passed through the blazing furnace of conception and fused into artistic form. It is as though a potter, working with dirty hands, had left a stain burnt by the fire into his gloriously fashioned clay. The blemish is superficial; the form is untouched. With Rousseau it is otherwise: lumps of unfused matter break through his conception and into his design; his pudding is not thoroughly baked. Take that well known picture of his, Le Présent et le Passé, which used to be in the Jastrebzoff collection and of which photographs are familiar to everyone; the two silly, detached heads in the sky, stuck in for sentiment's sake, are, as the saying goes, "out of the picture" and yet play the devil with it. They injure the design. What is more, in themselves, they are as feeble and commonplace as the drawing of a pavement artist which, in fact, they resemble. They are unfelt, that is the explanation—unfelt æsthetically. They have not been through the oven. They are artistically insincere. Sentimentality makes strange bedfellows. Rousseau has slipped into the very hole wherein Mr. Frank Dixie and Sir Luke Fildes disport themselves: only, by betraying his vice in a picture that is, for the most part, so exquisitely sure in its simple, delicate expression of a frank and charming vision he gives us an impressive example of the danger, even to a good artist, of bad taste.

And there is another fault in Rousseau that springs from this lack of complete artistic integrity. He is something plebeian; he suffers a slightly self-complacent good-fellowship to creep into his pictures. Occasionally there grins through his design, and ever so little disfigures it, a touch of fatuity. He cannot help being glad that he is so simple and so good, nor quite resist telling us about it. Look at that portrait of himself—and I impose a most agreeable task, for it is charming—that portrait dated 1890 and belonging also to M. Jastrebzoff, do you not feel that the author is a little too well pleased with himself? Do you not fancy that he will soon be regaling his sitter with a good, round platitude from the exterior boulevards or a morsel from some regimental ditty in which he once excelled, that, in another moment, he will be tapping him on the back, and that he has gone a little out of his way to tell you these things? The primitives tell us nothing of that sort; they stick to their business of creating significant form. Whatever of their personalities may reach us has passed through the transmuting fires of art; they never prattle. The primitives are always distinguished; whereas occasionally the douanier is as much the reverse as the more successful painters to the British aristocracy are always.

Yet, I daresay it was this jovial and unaffected good-fellowship, quite as much as his unquestionable genius, that won the brave douanier his place in the hearts of those brilliant people who frequented what he used to call his "soirées toutes familiales et artistiques." The artists and intellectuals of my generation—the generation that received and went down before the terrific impact of Dostoievskyism—pursued the simple and unsophisticated at least as earnestly as any follower of an earlier Rousseau. Whatever the real differences between a noble savage and an unspoilt artisan may be, the difference between the ideas of them with which a jaded society diverts itself is negligible. "Il nous faut les barbares," said Gide, I think. Well, we have got them. And maybe the next generation but one will make as much fuss about a new Matthew Arnold as we made about Marguerite Audoux.

Meanwhile, the douanier came at the right moment. His soirées "toutes familiales et artistiques" were crowded with admirers—Picasso, Delaunay, Duhamel, Guillaume Apollinaire, Jules Romain, Max Jacob, René Arcos, Braque, André Salmon, Soffici, Blanche Albane, Marie Laurencin, elegant and eminent people from North and South America, Russia, Germany, and Scandinavia, to say nothing of his pupils (he professed both painting and music) and "les demoiselles de son quartier." The entertainment consisted, if I may trust an ear-witness, of a little bad music worse played, a little declamation, a glass of wine, and democracy untainted with the least suspicion of snobbery. There was a delicious absence of culture, on the one hand, and of romantic squalor on the other. The whole thing was solidly and sympathetically lower-middle-class. The soirée, tant familiale qu'artistique, closed with a performance of the Marseillaise; and the intelligentsia retired to bed feeling that life was full of beauty and significance.

CLIVE BELL.

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Autonomous California

THE movement toward an autonomous California which has been growing ever since the National Prohibition Amendment threatened the French restaurant industry, came to a climax last night in an enormous outdoor mass meeting in Union Square, presided over by the great California patriot, Professor Oliver Perkins Dildock of the University of the Pacific. In spite of the presence of American soldiers, who watched the proceedings powerless from the pavement, resolutions were passed demanding the autonomy of California, under the joint protection of the United States and the League of Nations. Delegates to present the Californian claims will depart for Paris in a few days. It is reported that in addition to Professor Dildock, the delegates will be Hon. M. H. De Young, representing the radical labor element, Hon. Andrew J. Gallegher, representing the commercial and financial interests, Meyer Cohen and John Crowley, representing the French restaurants and Dr. Ernest A. Boyant, representing the irreconcilable Native Sons of Los Angeles, who form a peculiar element with special problems.

Professor Dildock made a long statement of the Californian position to the press last night, saying in part:

"If California advanced her full historic claim to the frontier of 1847, we should demand Nevada, parts of Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and much of the American part of Texas. However, we wish to respect so far as possible the principle of self-determination, and, with two or three exceptions, we intend to follow climatic lines and confirm the bounding of 1919 to the Sierra Nevada mountains. That great exception is Nevada. The original settlers of Nevada started for California and never arrived. We intend now to bring California to them. Second, we advance the economic claim. For years California has done more than her part in sustaining the best-known industry of Reno; further, we regard the Owens Valley Basin as necessary to our economic life. Third and most important is the meteorological claim. The clime of Nevada owes its salubriousness to the Californian influence. We might, on the same grounds, claim a part of Utah; but religious consideration causes us to draw the new line at the Utah frontier. We will be firm on the Nevada question. It is our California Irredenta.

"With Oregon we shall be moderate. We recognize the ethnic difference. However, we must have possession, or at least neutralization, of Klamath Lake, together with a corridor giving us free access. The breeding-ground of the Pacific wild fowl, it does its part toward supporting our French restaurants, whose lamentable condition is the economic cause of our demand for autonomy. Further, the salmon of the California coast use the Columbia River as a breeding ground. It is intolerable that this purely California fish should, during its vital years of youth and early maturity, be under the domination of a people ethnically alien. We shall strongly demand the neutralization of the Columbia.

"Los Angeles presents a perplexing problem. We hold in the district undoubted historic, economic and climatic claims. However, we recognize the ethnic claim of Iowa, and our present policy is to make of Los Angeles and its surroundings an enclave. San Pedro harbor should be internationalized, giving our southern San Joaquin valley free access to the sea. However, there is a strongly activist Native Son element whose claims we may feel it our duty to recognize. The claim that Catalina Island should also be internationalized on the ground that it is used by fishermen of all nations we regard as absurd. That and other colonies such as the Santa Barbara Islands and the Farral ones, are ours by historic right. We shall, however—in case she presses it—recognize on ethnic grounds Italy's claim to the small strips from Irinales Bay northward.

"A bigger, brighter, better California with a free French restaurant industry from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierra to the sea, is our national aspiration. While we believe in the League of Nations and will trust the decision of our claims to its justice, we shall see that our historic rights are not infringed. We are gathering a national army, and the national defense has been placed in the hands of our scholar-soldier, General David S. Jordan.

"The form of government will probably be Republican, following the historic tradition of our forefathers. However, a monarchist movement has developed among the sturdy and loyal plainsmen of the Burlingame region. Their politic is peculiar, and may have to be considered in case the monarchist movement gains strength. As might have been expected their propaganda has found favor with the Berkeley elite and with the fiery polo-playing scions of the first families of San Mateo, especially among the northern estates. An even more bitterly aristocratic group finds itself bottled in Atherton and Menlo by the Redwood City proletariat. They wish to unite, as separate kingdoms under one throne California and Hawaii, giving the throne to the Dukes of Waikiki. The present heir-apparent of that family is serving in France, and this fact gives them hope of a rapprochement with the United States should their plan of autonomy be consummated."

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The Undying Fire

CHAPTER THE THIRD

The Three Visitors.

§ 1.

WHILE this unhappy conversation was occurring at Sundering on Sea, three men were discussing the case of Mr. Huss very earnestly over a meatless but abundant lunch in the bow window of a club that gives upon the trees and sunshine of Carlton Gardens. Lobster salad engaged them, and the ice in the jug of hock cup clinked very pleasurably as they replenished their glasses.

The host was Sir Eliphaz Burrows, the patentee and manufacturer of those Temanite building blocks which have not only revolutionized the construction of army hutments but put the whole problem of industrial and rural housing upon an altogether new footing; his guests were Mr. William Dad, formerly the maker of the celebrated Dad and Showhite car de luxe and now one of the chief contractors for aeroplanes in England, and Mr. Joseph Farr, the head of the technical section of Woldingstanton School. Both the former gentlemen were governors of that foundation and now immensely rich, and Sir Eliphaz had once been a pupil of the father of Mr. Huss and had played a large part in the appointment of the latter to Woldingstanton. He was a slender old man with an avid vulturine head poised on a long red neck, and he had an abundance of parti-colored hair, red and white, springing from a circle round the crown of his head, from his eyebrows, his face generally, and the backs of his hands. He wore a blue soft shirt with a turn-down collar within a roomy blue serge suit, and that and something about his large loose black tie suggested scholarship and refinement. His manners were elaborately courteous. Mr. Dad was a compacter, keener type, warily alert in his bearing, an industrial fox-terrier from the midlands, silver-haired and dressed in ordinary morning dress except for a tan vest with a bright brown ribbon border. Mr. Farr was big in a gray flannel Norfolk suit; he had a large round white shiny clean-shaven face and uneasy hands, and it was apparent that he carried pocket-books and suchlike luggage in his breast pocket.

They consumed the lobster appreciatively, and approached in a fragmentary and tentative manner the business that had assembled them, namely the misfortunes that had overwhelmed Mr. Huss and their bearing upon the future of the school.

"For my part I don't think there is such a thing as misfortune," said Mr. Dad. "I don't hold with it. Miscalculation *if* you like."

"In a sense," said Mr. Farr ambiguously, glancing at Sir Eliphaz.

"If a man keeps his head screwed on the right way," said Mr. Dad, and attacked a claw with hope and appetite. Mr. Dad affected the parsimony of unfinished sentences.

"I can't help thinking," said Sir Eliphaz, putting down his glass and wiping his moustache and eyebrows with care before resuming his lobster, "that a man who entrusts his affairs to a solicitor, after the fashion of the widow and orphan, must be singularly lacking in judgment. Or reckless. Never in the whole course of my life have I met a solicitor who could invest money safely and profitably. Clergymen I have known, women of all sorts, savages, monomaniacs, criminals, but *never* solicitors."

"I have known some smart business parsons," said Mr. Dad judiciously. "One in particular. Sharp as nails. They are a much underestimated class."

"Perhaps it is natural that a solicitor should be a wild investor;" Sir Eliphaz pursued his subject. "He lives out of the ordinary world in a dirty little office in some antiquated inn, his office fittings are fifty years out of date, his habitual scenery consists of tin boxes painted with the names of dead and disreputable clients; he has to take the law Courts filled with horse-boxes and men dressed up in gowns and horsehair wigs quite seriously; nobody ever goes near him but abnormal people or people in abnormal states, people upset by jealousy, people upset by fear, blackmailed people, cheats trying to dodge the law, lunatics, litigants and legatees. The only investments he ever discusses are queer investments. Naturally he loses all sense of proportion. Naturally he becomes insanely suspicious; and when a client asks for positive action he flounders and gambles."

"Naturally," said Mr. Dad. "And here we find poor Huss giving all his business over—"

"Exactly," said Sir Eliphaz, and filled his glass.

"There's been a great change in him in the last two years," said Mr. Farr. "He let the war worry him for one thing."

"No good doing that," said Mr. Dad.

"And even before the war," Sir Eliphaz began.

"Even before the war," said Mr. Farr, in a pause.

"There was a change," said Sir Eliphaz. "He had been bitten by educational theories."

"No business for a headmaster," said Mr. Farr.

"Our intention had always been a great scientific and technical school," said Sir Eliphaz. "He introduces Logic into the teaching of plain English—against my opinion. He encouraged some of the boys to read philosophy."

"All he could," said Mr. Farr.

"I never held with his fad for teaching history," said Mr. Dad. "He was history mad. It got worse and worse. What's history after all? At the best, it's over and done with. . . .But he wouldn't argue upon it—not reasonably. He was—overbearing. He had a way of looking at you. . . .It was never our intention to make Woldingstanton into a school of history."

"And now, Mr. Farr," said Sir Eliphaz, "What are the particulars of the fire?"

"It isn't for me to criticize," said Mr. Farr.

"What I say," said Mr. Dad, projecting his muzzle with an appearance of great determination, "is, fix responsibility. *Fix responsibility*. Here is a door locked that common sense dictated should be open. Who was responsible?"

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"No one in School House seems to have been specially responsible for that door so far as I can ascertain," said Mr. Farr.

"All responsibility," said Mr. Dad, with an expression of peevish insistence, as though Mr. Farr had annoyed him; "*all* responsibility that is not delegated rests with the Head. That's a hard and fast and primary rule of business organization. In my factory I say quite plainly to everyone who comes into it, man or woman, chick or child—. . . ."

Mr. Dad was still explaining in a series of imaginary dialogues, tersely but dramatically, his methods of delegating authority, when Sir Eliphaz cut across the flow with, "Returning to Mr. Huss for a moment—. . . ."

The point that Sir Eliphaz wanted to get at was whether Mr. Huss expected to continue headmaster of Woldingstanton. From some chance phrase in a letter Sir Eliphaz rather gathered that he did.

"Well," said Mr. Farr, portentously, letting the thing hang for a moment, "he does."

"Tcha!" said Mr. Dad, and shut his mouth tightly and waved his head slowly from side to side with knitted brows as if he had bitten his tongue.

"I would be the first to recognize the splendid work he did for the school in his opening years," said Mr. Farr. "I would be the last to alter the broad lines of the work as he set it out. Barring that I should replace a certain amount of the biological teaching and practically all this new history stuff by chemistry and physics. But one has to admit that Mr. Huss did not know when to relinquish power nor when to develop responsibility. We, all of us, the entire staff—it is no mere personal grievance of mine—were kept, well, to say the least of it, in tutelage. Rather than let authority go definitely out of his hands, he would allow things to drift. Witness that door, witness the business of the nurse."

Mr. Dad, with his lips compressed, nodded his head; each nod like the tap of a hammer.

"I never believed in all this overdoing history in the school," Mr. Dad remarked rather disconnectedly. "If you get rid of Latin and Greek, why bring it all back again in another form? Why I'm told he taught 'em things about Assyria. Assyria! A modern school ought to be a modern school,—business first and business last and business all the time. And teach boys to work. We shall need it, mark my words."

"A certain amount of modern culture," waved Sir Eliphaz.

"*Modern,*" said Mr. Farr softly.

Mr. Dad grunted. "In my opinion that sort of thing gives the boys ideas."

Mr. Farr steered his way discreetly. "Science with a due regard to its technical application should certainly be the substantial part of a modern education. . . ."

They were in the smoking room and half way through three princely cigars before they got beyond such fragmentary detractions of the fallen headmaster. Then Mr. Dad in the clear cut style of a business man, brought his companions to action. "Well," said Mr. Dad, turning abruptly upon Sir Eliphaz, "what about it?"

"Manifestly Woldingstanton has to enter on a new phase, and what has happened brings us to the parting of the ways," said Sir Eliphaz. "Much as I regret the misfortunes of an old friend."

"*That,*" said Mr. Dad, "spells Farr."

"If he will shoulder the burthen," said Sir Eliphaz, smiling upon Mr. Farr not so much with his mouth as by the most engaging convolutions, curvatures and waving about of his various strands of hair.

"I don't want to see the school go down," said Mr. Farr. "I've given it a good slice of my life."

"Right," said Mr. Dad. "Right. File that. That suits us. And now how do we set about the affair? The next thing, I take it, is to break it to Huss. . . . How?"

He paused to give the ideas of his companions a fair chance.

"Well, *my* idea is this. None of us wants to be hard on Mr. Huss. Luck has been hard enough as it is. We want to do this job as gently as we can. It happens that I go and play golf at Sundering on Sea ever and again. Excellent links, well kept up all things considered, and the big hotel close by does you wonderfully, the railway company sees to that. In spite of the war. Well, why shouldn't we all, if Sir Eliphaz's engagements permit, go down there in a sort of ostensibly casual way, and take the opportunity of a good clear talk with him and settle it all up? The thing's got to be done, and it seems to me altogether more kindly to go there personally and put it to him than do it by correspondence. Very likely we could put it to him in such a way that he himself would suggest the very arrangement we want. You particularly, Sir Eliphaz, being as you say an old friend, ..."

§ 2.

Since there was little likelihood of Mr. Huss going away from Sundering on Sea, it did not appear necessary to Mr. Dad to apprize him of the projected visitation. And so these three gentlemen heard nothing about any operation for cancer until they reached that resort.

Mr. Dad came down early on Friday afternoon to the Golf Hotel, where he had already engaged rooms for the party. He needed the relaxation of the links very badly; the task of accumulating a balance sufficiently large to secure an opulent future for British industry, with which Mr. Dad in his straightforward way identified himself, was one that in a controlled establishment between the Scylla of aggressive labor and the Charybdis of the war-profits tax, strained his mind to the utmost. He was joined by Mr. Farr at dinner-time, and Sir Eliphaz, who was detained in London by some negotiations with the American government, arrived replete by the dining-car train. Mr. Farr made a preliminary reconnaissance at Seaview and was the first to hear of the operation.

Sir Alpheus Mengo was due at Seaview by the first morning train on Saturday. He had arranged to operate before lunch. It was clear therefore that the only time available for a conversation between the three and Mr. Huss was between breakfast and the arrival of Sir Alpheus.

Mr. Huss, whose lethargy had now departed, displayed himself feverishly anxious to talk about the school. "There are points I must make clear," he said, "vital points," and so a meeting was arranged for half-past nine. This would give a full hour before the arrival of the doctors.

"He feels that in a way it will be his testament, so to speak," said Mr. Farr. "Naturally he has his own ideas

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about the future of the school. We all have. I would be the last person to suggest that he could say anything about Woldingstanton that would not be well worth hearing. Some of us may have heard most of it before, and be better able to discount some of his assertions. But that under the present circumstances is neither here nor there."

§ 3.

Matters in the confined space of Sea View were not nearly so strained as Mr. Huss had feared. The prospect of an operation was not without its agreeable side to Mrs. Croome. Possibly she would have preferred that the subject should have been Mrs. rather than Mr. Huss, but it was clear that she made no claim to dictate upon this point. Her demand for special fees to meet the inconveniences of the occasion had been met quite liberally by Mr. Huss. And there was a genuine appreciation of order and method in Mrs. Croome; she was a furious spring cleaner, a hurricane tidier-up, her feeling for the discursive state of Mrs. Huss's hair was almost as involuntary as a racial animosity; and the swift dexterous preparations of the nurse who presently came to convert the best bedroom to surgical uses, impressed her deeply. She was allowed to help. Superfluous hangings and furnishings were removed, everything was thoroughly scrubbed, at the last moment clean linen sheets of a wonderful hardness were to be spread over every exposed surface. They were to be brought in sterilized drums. The idea of sterilized drums fascinated her. She had never heard of such things before. She wished she could keep her own linen in a sterilized drum always,—and let her lodgers have something else instead.

She felt that she was going to be a sort of assistant priestess at a sacrifice, the sacrifice of Mr. Huss. She had always secretly feared his submissive quiet as a thing unaccountable that might at any time turn upon her; she suspected him of ironies; and he would be helpless, under chloroform, subject to examination with no possibilities of disconcerting repartee. She did her best to persuade Dr. Barrack that she would be useful in the room during the proceedings. Her imagination conjured up a wonderful vision of the Huss interior as a great chest full of strange and interesting viscera with the lid open and Sir Alpheus picking thoughtfully, with deprecatory remarks, amidst its contents. But that sight was denied her.

She was very helpful and cheerful on the Saturday morning, addressing herself to the consolation of Mr. and the bracing-up of Mrs. Huss. She assisted in the final transformation of the room.

"It might be a real 'ospital," she said. "Nursing must be nice work. I never thought of it like this before."

Mr. Huss was no longer depressed but flushed and resolute; but Mrs. Huss, wounded by the neglect of everyone,—no one seemed to consider for a moment what she must be feeling—remained very much in her own room, working inefficiently upon the mourning that might now be doubly needed.

§ 4.

Mr. Huss knew Mr. Farr very well. For the last ten years it had been his earnest desire to get rid of him, but he had been difficult to replace because of his real accomplishment in technical chemistry. In the course of their five minutes' talk in his bedroom on Friday evening, Mr. Huss grasped the situation. Woldingstanton, his creation, his life work, was to be taken out of his hands, and in favor of this, his most soul-deadening assistant. He had been foolish no doubt, but he had never anticipated that. He had never supposed that Farr would dare.

He thought hard through that long night of Friday. His pain was no distraction. He had his intentions very ready and clear in his mind when his three visitors arrived.

He had insisted upon getting up and dressing fully.

"I can't talk about Woldingstanton in bed," he said. The doctor was not there to gainsay him.

Sir Eliphaz was the first to arrive, and Mrs. Huss retrieved him from Mrs. Croome in the passage and brought him in. He was wearing a Norfolk jacket suit of a coarse yet hairy consistency and of a pale sage green color. He shone greatly in the eyes of Mrs. Huss. "I can't help thinking of you, dear lady," he said, bowing over her hand, and all his hair was for a moment sad and sympathetic like a sick Skye terrier's. Mr. Dad and Mr. Farr entered a moment later; Mr. Farr in gray flannel trousers and a brown jacket, and Mr. Dad in a natty dark gray suit with a luminous purple waistcoat.

"My dear," said Mr. Huss to his wife, "I must be alone with these gentlemen," and when she seemed disposed to linger near the understanding warmth of Sir Eliphaz, he added: "Figures, my dear—*Finance,*" and drove her forth . . . .

"'Pon my honor," said Mr. Dad, coming close up to the arm-chair, wrinkling his muzzle and putting through his compliments in good business-like style before coming to the harder stuff in hand: "I don't like to see you like this, Mr. Huss."

"Nor does Sir Eliphaz, I hope—nor Farr. Please find yourselves chairs."

And while Mr. Farr made protesting noises and Sir Eliphaz waved his hair about before beginning the little speech he had prepared, Mr. Huss took the discourse out of their mouths and began.

"I know perfectly well the task you have set yourselves. You have come to make an end of me as headmaster of Woldingstanton. And Mr. Farr has very obligingly—"

He held up his white and wasted hand as Mr. Farr began to disavow.

"No," said Mr. Huss. "But before you three gentlemen proceed with your office, I should like to tell you something of what the school and my work in it, and my work for education, is to me. I am a man of little more than fifty. A month ago I counted with a reasonable confidence upon twenty years more of work before I relaxed . . . . Then these misfortunes rained upon me. I have lost all my private independence; there have been these shocking deaths in the school; my son, my only son . . . . killed . . . .trouble has darkened the love and kindness of my wife . . . . and now my body is suffering so that my mind is like a swimmer struggling through waves of pain . . . . far from land . . . .These are heavy blows. But the hardest blow of all, harder to bear than any of these others—I do not speak rashly, gentlemen, I have thought it out through an endless night—the last blow will be this rejection of my life work. That will strike the inmost me, the heart and soul of me. . . ."

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"You mustn't take it quite like that, Mr. Huss," protested Mr. Dad. "It isn't fair to us to put it like that."

"I want you to listen to me," said Mr. Huss.

"Only the very kindest motives," continued Mr. Dad.

"Let me speak," said Mr. Huss, with the voice of authority that had ruled Woldingstanton for five and twenty years. "I cannot wrangle and contradict. At most we have an hour."

Mr. Dad made much the same sound that a dog will make when it has proposed to bark and has been told to get under the table. For a time his face conveyed ill-usage.

"To end my work in the school will be to end me altogether. . . . I do not see why I should not speak plainly to you, gentlemen, situated as I am here. I do not see why I should not talk to you for once in my own language. Pain and death are our interlocutors; this is a rare and raw and bleeding occasion; in an hour or so the women may be laying out my body and I may be silent for ever. I have hidden my religion, but why should I hide it now? To you I have always tried to seem as practical and self-seeking as possible, but in secret I have been a fanatic; and Woldingstanton was the altar on which I offered myself to God. I have done ill and feebly there I know; I have been indolent and rash; those were my weaknesses; but I have done my best. To the limits of my strength and knowledge I have served God. . . . And now in this hour of darkness where is this God that I have served? Why does he not stand here between me and this last injury you would do to the work I have dedicated to him?"

At these words Mr. Dad turned horrified eyes to Mr. Farr.

But Mr. Huss went on as though talking to himself. "In the night I have looked into my heart; I have sought in my heart for base motives and secret sins. I have put myself on trial to find why God should hide himself from me now and I can find no reason and no justification. . . . In the bitterness of my heart I am tempted to give way to you and to tell you to take the school and to do just what you will with it. . . . The nearness of death makes the familiar things of experience flimsy and unreal, and far more real to me now is this darkness that broods over me, as blight will sometimes overhang the world at noon, and mocks me day and night with a perpetual challenge to curse God and die. . . .

"Why do I not curse God and die? Why do I cling to my work when the God to whom I dedicated it is—silent? Because, I suppose, I still hope for some sign of reassurance. Because I am not yet altogether defeated. I would go on telling you why I want Woldingstanton to continue on its present lines and why it is impossible for you, why it will be a sort of murder for you to hand it over to Farr here, if my pain were ten times what it is. . . ."

At the mention of his name, Mr. Farr started and looked first at Mr. Dad, and then at Sir Eliphaz. "Really," he said, "Really! One might think I had conspired—"

"I am afraid, Mr. Huss," said Sir Eliphaz, with a large reassuring gesture to the technical master, "that the suggestion that Mr. Farr should be your successor, came in the first instance from me."

"You must reconsider it," said Mr. Huss, moistening his lips and staring steadfastly in front of him.

Here Mr. Dad broke out in a querulous voice: "Are you really in a state, Mr. Huss, to discuss a matter like this—feverish and suffering as you are?"

"I could not be in a better frame for this discussion," said Mr. Huss. . . . "And now, for what I have to say about the school:—Woldingstanton, when I came to it, was a humdrum school of some seventy boys, following a worn-out routine. A little Latin was taught and less Greek, chiefly in order to say that Greek was taught, some scraps of mathematical processes, a few rags of general knowledge, English history—not human history, mind you, but just the national brand, cut dried flowers from the past with no roots and no meaning, a smattering of French. . . . That was practically all; it was no sort of education, it was a mere education-like posturing. And today, what has that school become?"

"We never grudged you money," said Sir Eliphaz.

"Nor loyal help," said Mr. Farr, but in a half whisper.

"I am not thinking of its visible prosperity. The houses and laboratories and museums that have grown about the nucleus are nothing in themselves. The reality of a school is not in buildings and numbers but in matters of the mind and soul. Woldingstanton has become a torch at which lives are set aflame. I have lit a candle there— The winds of fate may yet blow it into a world-wide blaze."

As Mr. Huss said these things, he was uplifted by enthusiasm, and his pain sank down out of his consciousness.

"What," he said, "is the task of the teacher in the world? It is the greatest of all human tasks. It is to ensure that Man, Man the Divine, grows in the souls of men. For what is a man without instruction? He is born as the beasts are born, a greedy egotism, a clutching desire, a thing of lusts and fears. He can regard nothing except in relation to himself. Even his love is a bargain; and his utmost effort is vanity because he has to die. And it is we teachers alone who can lift him out of that self-preoccupation. We teachers. . . . We can release him into a wider circle of ideas beyond himself in which he can at length forget himself and his meagre personal ends altogether. We can open his eyes to the past and to the future and to the undying life of Man. So through us and through us only, he escapes from death and futility. An untaught man is but himself alone, as lonely in his ends and destiny as any beast; a man instructed is a man enlarged from that narrow prison of self into participation in an undying life, that began we know not when, that grows above and beyond the greatness of the stars. . . ."

He spoke as if he addressed some other hearer than the three before him. Mr. Dad, with eyebrows raised and lips compressed, nodded silently to Mr. Farr as if his worst suspicions were confirmed, and there were signs and signals that Sir Eliphaz was about to speak, when Mr. Huss resumed.

"For five and twenty years I have ruled over Woldingstanton; and for all that time I have been giving sight to the blind. I have given understanding to some thousands of boys. All those routines of teaching that had become dead we made live again there. My boys have learnt the history of mankind so that it has become their own adventure; they have learnt geography so that the world is their possession; I have had languages taught to make the past

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live again in their minds and to be windows upon the souls of alien peoples. Science has played its proper part; it has taken my boys into the secret places of matter and out among the nebulae. . . . Always I have kept Farr and his utilities in their due subordination. Some of my boys have already made good business men,—because they were more than business men. . . . But I have never sought to make business men and I never will. My boys have gone into the professions, into the services, into the great world and done well—I have had dull boys and intractable boys, but nearly all have gone into the world gentlemen, broad-minded, good-mannered, understanding and unselfish, masters of self, servants of man, because the whole scheme of their education has been to release them from the base and narrow things. . . . When the war came, my boys were ready. . . . They have gone to their deaths—how many have gone to their deaths! My own son among them. . . . I did not grudge him . . . . Woldingstanton is a new school; its tradition has scarcely begun; the list of its old boys is now so terribly depleted that its young tradition wilts like a torn seedling. . . . But still we can keep on with it, still that tradition will grow, if my flame still burns. But my teaching must go on as I have planned it. It must. . . . What has made my boys all that they are, has been the history, the biological science, the philosophy. For these things are wisdom. All the rest is training and mere knowledge.

"If the school is to live, the head must still be a man who can teach history—history in the widest sense; he must be philosopher, biologist, and archeologist as well as scholar. And you would hand that task to Farr! Farr! Farr here has never even touched the essential work of the school. He does not know what it is. His mind is no more opened than the cricket professional's." Mr. Dad made an impatient noise.

The sick man went on with his burning eyes on Farr, his lips bloodless.

"He thinks of chemistry and physics not as a help to understanding but as a help to trading. As long as he has been at Woldingstanton he has been working furtively with our materials in the laboratories, dreaming of some profitable patent. Oh! I know you, Farr. Do you think I didn't see because I didn't choose to complain? If he could have discovered some profitable patent, he would have abandoned teaching the day he did so. He would have been even as you are. But with a lifeless imagination you cannot even invent patentable things. He would talk to the boys of the empire at times, but the empire to him is no more than a trading conspiracy fenced about with tariffs. It goes on to nothing. . . . And he thinks we are fighting the Germans, he thinks my dear and precious boy gave his life and that all these other brave lads beyond counting died, in order that we might take the place of the Germans as the chapman bullies of the world. That is the measure of his mind. He has no religion, no faith, no devotion. Why does he want my place? Because he wants to serve as I have served? No! Because he envies my house, my income, my headship. Whether I live or die, it is impossible that Woldingstanton, my Woldingstanton, should live under his hand. Give it to him, and in a little while it will be dead."

§ 5.

"Gentlemen!" Mr. Farr protested with a white perspiring face.

"I had no idea," ejaculated Mr. Dad, "I had no idea that things had gone so far."

Sir Eliphaz indicated by waving his hand that his associates might allay themselves; he recognized that the time had come for him to speak.

"It is deplorable," Sir Eliphaz began.

He put down his hands and gripped the seat of his chair as if to hold himself on to it very tightly, and he looked very hard at the horizon as if he was trying to decipher some remote inscription. "You have imported a tone into this discussion," he tried.

He got off at the third attempt. "It is an extremely painful thing to me, Mr. Huss, that, to you, standing as you do on the very brink of the Great Chasm, it should be necessary to speak in any but the most cordial and helpful tones. But it is my duty, it is our duty, to hold firmly to those principles which have always guided us as governors of the Woldingstanton School. You speak, I must say it, with an extreme arrogance of an institution to which all of us here have in some measure contributed; you speak as though you, and you alone, were its creator and guide. You must pardon me, Mr. Huss, if I remind you of the facts, the eternal verities of the story. The school, Sir, was founded in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, and many a good man guided its fortunes down to the time when an unfortunate—a diversion of its endowments led to its temporary cessation. The Charity Commissioners revived it after an enquiry some fifty years ago, and it has been largely the lavish generosity of the Papermakers Guild, of which I and Dad are humble members, that has stimulated its expansion under you. Loth as I am to cross your mood, Mr. Huss, while you are in pain and anxiety, I am bound to recall to you these things which have made *your* work possible. You could not have made bricks without straw, you could not have built up Woldingstanton without the money obtained by that commercialism for which you display such unqualified contempt. We sordid cits it was who planted, who watered. . . . "

Mr. Huss seemed about to speak, but said nothing.

"Exactly what I say," said Mr. Dad, turning for confirmation to Mr. Farr. "The school is essentially a modern commercial school. It should be run as that."

Mr. Farr nodded his white face ambiguously with his eye on Sir Eliphaz.

"I should have been chary, Mr. Huss, of wrangling about our particular shares and contributions on an occasion so solemn as this, but since you will have it so, since you challenge discussion. . . . "

He turned to his colleagues as if for support.

"Go on," said Mr. Dad; "Facts are facts."

§ 6.

Sir Eliphaz cleared his throat, and continued to read the horizon.

"I have raised these points, Mr. Huss, by way of an opening. The gist of what I have to say lies deeper. So far I have dealt with the things you have said only in re-

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lation to us: as against us you assume your own righteousness, you flout our poor judgments, you sweep them aside; the school must be continued on *your* lines, the teaching must follow *your* schemes. You can imagine no alternative opinion. God forbid that I should say a word in my own defense; I have given freely both of my time and of my money to our school; it would tax my secretaries now to reckon up how much; but I make no claims. . . . None. . . .

"But let me now put all this discussion upon a wider and a graver footing. It is not only us and our poor intentions you arraign. Strange things have dropped from you, Mr. Huss, in this discussion, things it has at once pained and astonished me to hear from you. You have spoken not only of man's ingratitude, but of God's. I could scarcely believe my ears, but indeed I heard you say that God was silent, unhelpful, and that He had deserted you. In spite of the most tremendous exertions on your part . . . . Standing as you do on the very margin of the Great Secret, I want to plead very earnestly with you against all that you have said."

Sir Eliphaz seemed to meditate remotely. He returned like a soaring vulture to his victim. "I would be the last man to obtrude my religious feelings upon anyone. . . . I make no parade of religion, Mr. Huss, none at all. Many people think me no better than an unbeliever. But here I am bound to make my confession. I owe much to God, Mr. Huss. . . ."

He glowered at the sick man. He abandoned his grip upon the seat of his chair for a moment, to make a gesture with his hairy claw of a hand. "Your attitude to my God is a far deeper offence to me than any merely personal attack could be. Under His chastening blows, under trials that humbler spirits would receive with thankfulness and construe as lessons and warnings, you betray yourself more proud, more self-assured, more—froward is not too harsh a word—more froward, Mr. Huss, than you were even in the days when we used to fret under you on Founder's Day in the Great Hall, when you would dictate to us that here you must have an extension and there you must have a museum or a picture room or what not, leaving nothing to opinion, making our gifts a duty. . . . You will not recognize the virtue of gifts and graces either in man or God. . . . Cannot you see, my dear Mr. Huss, the falsity of your position? It is upon that point that I want to talk to you now. God does not smite men needlessly. This world is all one vast intention, and not a sparrow falls to the ground unless He wills that sparrow to fall. Is your heart so sure of itself? Does nothing that has happened suggest to you that there may be something in your conduct and direction of Woldingstanton that has made it not quite so acceptable an offering to God as you have imagined it to be?"

Sir Eliphaz paused with an air of giving Mr. Huss his chance, but meeting with no response, he resumed: "I am an old man, Mr. Huss, and I have seen much of the world and more particularly of the world of finance and industry, a world of swift opportunities and sudden temptations. I have watched the careers of many young men of parts, who have seemed to be under the impression that the world had been waiting for them overlong; I have seen more promotions, schemes and enterprises, great or grandiose, than I care to recall. Developing Woldingstanton from the mere endowed school of a market-town it was, to its present position has been for me a subordinate incident, a holiday task, a piece of bye-play upon a crowded scene. My experiences have been on a far greater scale. Far greater. And in all my experience I have never seen what I should call a really right-minded man perish, or an innocent dealer, provided, that is, that he took ordinary precautions, destroyed. Ups and downs no doubt there are, for the good as well as the bad. I have seen the foolish taking root for a time—it was but for a time. I have watched the manoeuvres of some exceedingly crafty men. . . ."

Sir Eliphaz shook his head slowly from side to side and all the hairs on his head waved about.

He hesitated for a moment and decided to favor his hearers with a scrap of autobiography.

"Quite recently," he began, "there was a fellow came to us, just as we were laying down our plant for production on a large scale. He was a very plausible energetic young fellow indeed, an American Armenian. Well, he happened to know somehow that we were going to use kaolin from felspar, a bye-product of the new potash process, and he had got hold of a scheme for washing London clay that produced, he assured us, an accessible kaolin just as good for our purpose and not a tenth of the cost of the Norwegian stuff. It would have reduced our prime cost something like thirty per cent. Let alone tonnage. Excuse these technicalities. On the face of it, it was a thoroughly good thing. The point was that I knew all along that his stuff retained a certain amount of sulphur and couldn't possibly make a building block to last. That wouldn't prevent us selling and using the stuff with practical impunity. It wasn't up to us to know. No one could have made us liable. The thing indeed looked so plain and safe that I admit it tempted me sorely. And then, Mr. Huss, God came in. I received a secret intimation. I want to tell you of this in all good faith and simplicity. In the night when all the world was deep in sleep, I awoke. And I was in the extremest terror; my very bones were shaking; I sat up in my bed afraid almost to touch the switch of the electric light; my hair stood on end. I could see nothing, I could hear nothing, but it was as if a spirit passed in front of my face. And in spite of the silence something seemed to be saying to me: 'How about God, Sir Eliphaz? Have you at last forgotten Him? How can you, that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is the dust, escape His judgment?' That was all, Mr. Huss, just that. 'Whose foundation is the dust!' Straight to the point. Well, Mr. Huss, I am not a religious man, but I threw over that Armenian."

Mr. Dad made a sound to intimate that he would have done the same.

"I mention this experience, this intervention; and it is not the only one of which I could tell; because I want you to get my view that if an enterprise, even though it is as fair and honest-seeming a business as Woldingstanton school, begins suddenly to crumple and wilt, it means that somehow, somewhere you must have been putting the wrong sort of clay into it. It means not that God is wrong and going back upon you, but that you are wrong. You may be a great and famous teacher now, Mr. Huss, thanks not

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a little to the pedestal we have made for you, but God is a greater and more famous teacher. Him manifestly you have not convinced, even if you could have convinced us, of Woldingstanton's present perfection. . . .

"That is practically all I have to say. When we propose, in all humility, to turn the school about into new and less pretentious courses and you oppose us, that is our answer. If you had done as well and wisely as you declare, you would not be in this position and this discussion would never have arisen."

He paused.

"Said with truth and dignity," said Mr. Dad. "You have put my opinion, Sir Eliphaz, better than I could have put it myself."

§ 7.

"The question you put to me I have put to myself," said Mr. Huss, and thought deeply for a little while. . . .

"No I do not feel convicted of wrong-doing. I still believe the work I set myself to do was right, right in spirit and intention, right in plan and method. You invite me to confess my faith broken and in the dust; and my faith was never so sure. There is a God in my heart, in my heart at least there is a God, who has always guided me to right and who guides me now. My conscience remains unassailable. These afflictions that you speak of as trials and warnings, I can only see as inexplicable disasters. They perplex me, but they do not cow me. They strike me as pointless and irrelevant events."

"But this is terrible!" said Mr. Dad, deeply shocked.

"You push me back, Sir Eliphaz, from the discussion of our school affairs to more fundamental questions. You have raised the problem of the moral government of the world, a problem that has been distressing my mind since I first came here to Sundering, whether indeed failure is condemnation and success the sunshine of God's approval. You believe that the great God of the stars and seas and mountains is attentive to our conduct and responds to it. His sense of right is the same sense of right as ours: he endorses a common aim. Your prosperity is the mark of your harmony with that supreme God—"

"I wouldn't go so far as that," Mr. Dad interjected. "No."

"And my misfortunes express his disapproval. Well, I have believed that; I have believed that the rightness of a schoolmaster's conscience must needs be the same thing as the rightness of destiny, I too had fallen into that comforting persuasion of prosperity; but this series of smashing experiences I have had, culminating in your proposal to wipe out the whole effect and significance of my life, brings me face to face with the fundamental question, whether the order of the great universe, the God of the stars, has any regard or relationship whatever to the problems of our consciences and the efforts of men to do right. That is a question that echoes to me down the ages. So far I have always professed myself a Christian—"

"Well, I should hope so," said Mr. Dad, "considering the terms of the school's foundation."

"For I take it, the creeds declare in a beautiful symbol that the God who is present in our hearts is one with the universal father and at the same time his beloved Son, continually and eternally begotten from the universal fatherhood, and crucified only to conquer. He has come into our poor lives to raise them up at last to Himself. But to believe that is to believe in the significance and continuity of the whole effort of mankind. The life of man must be like the perpetual spreading of a fire. If right and wrong are to perish together indifferently, if there is aimless and fruitless suffering, if there opens no hope for an eternal survival in consequence of all good things, then there is no meaning in such a belief as Christianity. It is a mere superstition of priests and sacrifices, and I have read things into it that were never truly there. The rushlight of our faith burns in a windy darkness that will see no dawn."

"Nay," said Sir Eliphaz, "Nay. If there is God in your work we cannot destroy it."

"You are doing your best," said Mr. Huss, "and now I am not sure that you will fail. . . . At one time I should have defied you, but now I am not sure. . . . I have sat here through some dreary and dreadful days and lain awake through some interminable nights; I have thought of many things that men in their days of prosperity are apt to dismiss from their minds; and I am no longer sure of the goodness of the world without us or in the plan of fate. Perhaps it is only in us within our hearts, that the light of God flickers—and flickers insecurely. Where we had thought a God, somehow akin to ourselves, ruled in the universe, it may be there is nothing but black emptiness and a coldness worse than cruelty."

Mr. Dad was about to interrupt, and restrained himself by a great effort.

"It is a commonplace of pietistic works that natural things are perfect things, and that the whole world of life, if it were not for the sinfulness of man, would be perfect. Paley, you will remember, Sir Eliphaz, in his Evidences of Christianity, from which we have both suffered, declares that this earth is manifestly made for the happiness of the sentient beings living thereon. But I ask you to consider for a little and dispassionately, whether life through all its stages, up to and including man, is not rather a scheme of uneasiness, imperfect satisfaction, and positive miseries. . . ."

§ 8.

"Aren't we getting a bit out of our depth in all this?" Mr. Dad burst out. "Put it at that—out of our depth . . . . What does this sort of carping and questioning amount to, Mr. Huss? Does it do us any good? Does it help us in the slightest degree? Why should we go into all this? Why can't we be humble and leave these deep questions to those who make a specialty of dealing with them? We don't know the ropes. We can't. Here are you and Mr. Farr, for instance, both of you whole-time schoolmasters so to speak, here's Sir Eliphaz toiling night and day to make simple cheap suitable homes for the masses, who probably won't say thank-you to him when they are made, here's me an overworked engineer and understaffed most cruelly, not to speak of the most unfair and impossible labor demands, so that you never know where you are and what they won't ask you next. And in the midst of it all we are to start an argey-bargey about the goodness of God!

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"We're busy men, Mr. Huss. What do *we* know of the world being a scheme of imperfect satisfaction and what all? Where does it come in? What's its practical value? Words it is, all words, and getting away from the plain and definite question we came to talk over and settle and have done with. Such talk, I will confess, makes me uncomfortable. Give me the Bible and the simple religion I learnt at my mother's knee. That's good enough for me. Can't we just have faith and leave all these questions alone? What are men in reality? After all their arguments? Worms. Just worms. Well then, let's have the decency to behave as such and stick to business, and do our best in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call us. That's what *I* say," said Mr. Dad.

He jerked his head back, coughed shortly, adjusted his tie, and nodded to Mr. Farr in a resolute manner.

"A simple, straightforward, commercial and technical education," he added by way of an explanatory colophon. "That's what we're after."

§ 9.

Mr. Huss stared absently at Mr. Dad for some moments, and then resumed:

"Let us look squarely at this world about us. What is the true lot of life? Is there the slightest justification for assuming that our conceptions of right and happiness are reflected anywhere in the outward universe? Is there, for instance, much animal happiness? Do health and well-being constitute the normal state of animals?"

He paused. Mr. Dad got up, and stood looking out of the window with his back to Mr. Huss. "Pulling nature to pieces," he said over his shoulder. He turned and urged further: "Suppose things are so, what is the good of *our* calling attention to it? Where's the benefit?"

But the attitude of Sir Eliphaz conveyed a readiness to listen.

"Before I became too ill to go out here," said Mr. Huss, "I went for a walk in the country behind this place. I was weary before I started, but I was impelled to go by that almost irresistible desire that will seize upon one at times to get out of one's immediate surroundings. I wanted to escape from this wretched room, and I wanted to be alone, secure from interruptions and free to think in peace. There was a treacherous promise in the day outside, much sunshine and a breeze. I had heard of woods a mile or so inland, and that conjured up a vision of cool green shade and kindly streams beneath the trees and of the fellowship of shy and gentle creatures. So I went out into the heat and into the dried and salted east wind, through glare and inky shadows, across many more fields than I had expected, until I came to some woods and then to a neglected park, and there for a time I sat down to rest. . . . But I could get no rest. The turf was unclean through the presence of many sheep, and in it there was a number of close growing but very sharply barbed thistles, and after a little time I realized that harvesters, those minute red beasts that creep upon one in the chalk lands and burrow into the skin and produce an almost intolerable itching, abounded. I got up again and went on, hoping in vain to find some fence or gate on which I might rest more comfortably. There were many flies and gnats, many more than there are here and of different sorts, and they persecuted me more and more. They surrounded me in a humming cloud, and I had to wave my walking-stick about my head all the time to keep them off me. I felt too exhausted to walk back, but there was, I knew, a village a mile or so ahead where I hoped to find some conveyance in which I might return by road. . . .

"And as I struggled along in this fashion I came upon first one thing and then another, so apt to my mood that they might have been put there by some adversary. First it was a very young rabbit, indeed, it was scarcely as long as my hand, which some cruel thing had dragged from its burrow. The back of its head had been bitten open and was torn and bloody, and the flies rose from its oozing wounds to my face like a cloud of witnesses. Then as I went on, trying to distract my mind from the memory of this pitiful dead thing by looking about me for something more agreeable, I discovered a row of little brown objects in a hawthorn bush, and going closer found they were some half dozen victims of a butcher bird, beetles, fledgelings and a mouse or so, spiked on the thorns. They were all twisted into painful attitudes, as if each had suffered horribly and challenged me by the last gesture of its limbs to judge between it and its creator. . . . And a little further on a gaunt, villainous-looking cat with rusty black fur that had bare patches, suddenly ran upon me out of a side path; it had something in its mouth which it abandoned at the sight of me and left writhing at my feet, a pretty crested bird, very mangled, that flapped in flat circles upon the turf, unable to rise. A fit of weak and reasonless rage came upon me at this, and seeing the cat halt some yards away and turn to regard me and move as if to recover its victim, I rushed at it and pursued it, shouting. Then it occurred to me that it would be kinder if instead of a futile pursuit of the wretched cat, I went back and put an end to the bird's sufferings. For a time I could not find it, and I searched for it in the bushes in a fever to get it killed, groaning and cursing as I did so. When I found it, it fought at me with its poor bleeding wings and snapped its beak at me, and made me feel less like a deliverer than a murderer. I hit it with my stick, and as it still moved I stamped it to death with my feet. I fled from its body in an agony. 'And this,' I cried, 'this hell revealed, is God's creation!'"

"*Tcha!*" exclaimed Mr. Dad.

"Suddenly it seemed to me that scales had fallen from my eyes, and that I saw the whole world plain. It was as if the universe had put aside a mask it had hitherto worn, and shown me its face, and it was a face of boundless evil. . . . It was as if a power of darkness sat over me and watched me with a mocking gaze, and for the rest of that day I could think of nothing but the feeble miseries of living things. I was tortured and all life was tortured with me. I failed to find the village I sought; I strayed far, I got back here at last long after dark, stopping sometimes by the wayside to be sick, sometimes kneeling or lying down for a time to rest, shivering and burning with an increasing fever.

"I had, as you know, been the first to find poor Williamson lying helpless among the acids; that ghastly figure and the burnt bodies of the two boys who died in School House haunt my mind constantly; but what was most in my thoughts on that day when the world of nature showed

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its teeth to me, was the wretchedness of animal life. I do not know why that should have seemed more pitiful to me, and more fundamental, but it did. Human suffering, perhaps, is complicated by moral issues; man can look before and after and find remote justifications and stern consolations outside his present experiences; but the poor birds and beasts, they have only their present experiences and their individual lives cut off and shut in. How can there be righteousness in any scheme that afflicts them? I thought of one creature after another, and I could imagine none that had more than an occasional gleam of false and futile satisfaction between suffering and suffering. And to-day, gentlemen, as I sit here with you, the same dark stream of conviction pours through my mind. I feel that life is a weak and inconsequent stirring amidst the dust of space and time, incapable of overcoming even its internal dissensions, doomed to phases of delusion, to irrational and undeserved punishments, to vain complainings and at last to extinction.

"Is there so much as one healthy living being in the world? I question it. As I wandered that day, I noted the trees as I had never noted them before. There was not one that did not show a stricken or rotten branch, or that was not studded with the stumps of lost branches decaying backwards towards the main stem; from every fork came dark stains of corruption, the bark was twisted and contorted and fungoid protrusions proclaimed the hidden mycelium of disease. The leaves were spotted with warts and blemishes, and gnawed and bitten by a myriad enemies. I noted, too, that the turf under my feet was worn and scorched and weary; gossamer threads and spiders of a hundred sorts trapped the multitudinous insects in the wilted autumnal undergrowth; the hedges were a slow conflict of thrusting and strangulating plants in which every individual was more or less crippled or stunted. Most of these plants were armed like assassins; they had great thorns or stinging hairs; some ripened poisonous berries. And this was the reality of life; this was no exceptional mood of things but a revelation of things established. I had been blind and now I saw. Even as these woods and thickets were, so was all the world. . . .

"I had been reading in a book I had chanced to pick up in this lodging, about the jungles of India, which many people think of as a vast wealth of splendid and luxuriant vegetation. For the greater part of the year they are hot and thorny wastes of brown, dead and moldering matter. Comes the steaming downpour of the rains; and then for a little while there is a tangled rush of fighting greenery, jostling, choking, torn and devoured by a multitude of beasts and by a horrible variety of insects, that the hot moisture has called to activity. Then under the dry breath of the destroyer the exuberance stales and withers, everything ripens and falls, and the jungle relapses again into sullen heat and gloomy fermentation. And in truth everywhere the growth season is a wild scramble into existence, the rest of the year a complicated massacre. Even in our British climate is it not plain to you how the summer outlasts the lavish promise of the spring? In our spring there is no doubt an air of hope, of budding and blossoming, there is the nesting and singing of birds, a certain cleanness of the air, an emergence of primary and comparatively innocent things; but hard upon that freshness follow the pests and parasites, the creatures that corrupt and sting, the minions of waste and pain and lassitude and fever. . . .

"You may say that I am dwelling too much upon the defects in the lives of plants, which do not feel, and of insects and small creatures which may feel in a different manner from ourselves; but, indeed, their decay and imperfection make up the common texture of life. Even the things that live are only half alive. You may argue that at least the rarer, larger beasts bring with them a certain delight and dignity into the world. But consider the lives of the herbivora; they are all hunted creatures; fear is their habit of mind; even the great Indian buffalo is given to panic flights. They are incessantly worried by swarms of insects. When they are not apathetic they appear to be angry, exasperated with life; their seasonal outbreaks of sex are evidently a violent torment to them, an occasion for fierce bellowings, mutual persecution and desperate combats. Such beasts as the rhinoceros or the buffalo are habitually in a rage; they will run amuck for no conceivable reason, and so, too, will many elephants, betraying a sort of organic spite against all other living things. . . .

"And if we turn to the great carnivores, who should surely be the lords of the jungle world, their lot seems to be not one whit more happy. The tiger leads a life of fear; a dirty scrap of rag will turn him from his path. Much of his waking life is prowling hunger; when he kills he eats ravenously, he eats to the pitch of discomfort; he lies up afterwards in reeds or bushes, savage, disinclined to move. The hunter must beat him out, and he comes out sluggishly and reluctantly to die. His paws, too, are strangely tender; a few miles of rock will make them bleed, they gather thorns. . . . His mouth is so foul that his bite is a poisoned bite. . . .

"All that day I struggled against this persuasion that the utmost happiness of any animal is at best like a transitory smile on a grim and inhuman countenance. I tried to recall some humorous and contented-looking creatures. . . . That only recalled a fresh horror. . . . You will have seen pictures and photographs of penguins. They will have conveyed to you the sort of effect I tried to recover. They express a quaint and jolly gravity, an aldermanic contentment. But to me now, the mere thought of a penguin raises a vision of horror. I will tell you. . . . One of my old boys came to me a year or so ago on his return from a South Polar expedition; he told me the true story of these birds. Their lives, he said—he was speaking more particularly of the king penguin—are tormented by a monstrously exaggerated maternal instinct, an instinct shared by both sexes, which is a necessary condition of survival in the crowded rookeries of that frozen environment. And that instinct makes life one long torment for them. There is always a great smashing of eggs there through various causes; there is an excessive mortality among the chicks; they slip down crevasses, they freeze to death and so forth, three-quarters of each year's brood perish, and without this extravagant passion the species would become extinct. So that every bird is afflicted with desire and anxiety to brood upon and protect a chick. But each couple produces no more than one egg a year; eggs get broken, they roll away into the water, there is always a shortage, and every penguin that has an egg has to guard it jealously, and each one that has not an egg is impelled

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to steal or capture one. Some in their distress will mother pebbles or scraps of ice, some fortunate in possession will sit for days without leaving the nest in spite of the gnawings of the intense Antarctic hunger. To leave a nest for a moment is to tempt a robber, and the intensity of the emotions aroused is shown by the fact that they will fight to the death over a stolen egg. You see that these pictures of rookeries of apparently comical birds are really pictures of poor dim-minded creatures worried and strained to the very limit of their powers. That is what their lives have always been. . . .

"But the king penguin draws near the end of its history. Let me tell you how its history is closing. Let me tell you of what is happening in the peaceful southern seas—now. This old boy of mine was in great distress because of a vile traffic that has arisen. . . . Unless it is stopped, it will destroy these rookeries altogether. These birds are being murdered wholesale for their oil. Parties of men land and club them upon their nests, from which the poor silly things refuse to stir. The dead and stunned, the living and dead together, are dragged away and thrust into iron crates to be boiled down for their oil. The broken living with the dead. . . . Each bird yields about a farthing's profit, but it pays to kill them at that and so the thing is done. The people who run these operations, you see, have had a sound commercial training. They believe that when God gives us power he means us to use it, and that what is profitable is just."

"Well really," protested Mr. Dad. "Really!"

Mr. Farr also betrayed a disposition to speak. He cleared his throat, his uneasy hands worried the edge of the table, his face shone. "Sir Eliphaz," he said. . . .

"Let me finish," said Mr. Huss, "for I have still to remind you of the most stubborn facts of all in such an argument as this. Have you ever thought of the significance of such creatures as the entozoa, and the vast multitude of other sorts of specialized parasites whose very existence is cruelty? There are thousands of orders and genera of insects, crustacea, arachnids, worms and lowlier things which are adapted in the most complicated way to prey upon the living and suffering tissues of their fellow creatures, and which can live in no other way. Have you ever thought what that means? If forethought framed these horrors what sort of benevolence was there in that forethought? I will not distress you by describing the life cycles of any of these creatures too exactly. You must know of many of them. I will not dwell upon those wasps, for example, which lay their eggs in the living bodies of victims which the young will gnaw to death slowly day by day as they develop; nor will I discuss this unmeaning growth of cells which has made my body its soil. . . . For any one of our thousand infectious fevers that fall upon us without reason, without justice. . . .

"Man is of all creatures the least subjected to internal parasites. In the brief space of a few hundred thousand years he has changed his food, his habitat and every attitude and habit of his life, and comparatively few species, thirty or forty at most, I am told, have been able to follow his changes and specialize themselves to him under these fresh conditions; yet even man can entertain some fearful guests. Every time you drink open water near a sheep pasture you may drink the larval liver fluke, which will make your liver a little township of vile creatures until they eat it up, until they swarm from its oozing ruins into your body cavity and destroy you. In Europe this is a rare fate for a man, but in China there are wide regions where the fluke abounds and rots the life out of thousands of people. . . . The fluke is but one sample of such feats of the Creator. An unwashed leaf of lettuce may be the means of planting a parasitic cyst in your brain to dethrone your reason; a feast of underdone pork may transfer to you from the swine the creeping death torture of trichinosis. . . . But all that men suffer in these matters is as nothing to the suffering of the beasts. The torments of the beasts are finished and complete. My biological master tells me that he rarely opens a cod or dogfish without finding bunches of some sort of worm or such like pallid lodger in possession. He has rows of little tubes with the things he has found in the bodies of rabbits. . . .

"But I will not disgust you further. . . .

"Is this a world made for the happiness of sentient things?

"I ask you, how is it possible for man to be other than a rebel in the face of such facts? How can he trust the Maker who has designed and elaborated and finished these parasites in their endless multitude and variety? For these things are not in the nature of sudden creations and special judgments; they have been produced fearfully and wonderfully by a process of evolution as slow and deliberate as our own. How can Man trust such a Maker to treat him fairly? Why should we shut our eyes to things that stare us in the face? Either the world of life is the creation of a being inspired by a malignancy at once filthy, petty and enormous, or it displays a carelessness, an indifference, a disregard for justice. . . ."

The voice of Mr. Huss faded out.

§ 10.

For some time Mr. Farr had been manifesting signs of impatience. The pause gave him his opportunity. He spoke with a sort of restrained volubility.

"Sir Eliphaz, Mr. Dad, after what has passed in relation to myself, I would have preferred to have said nothing in this discussion. Nothing. So far as I myself am concerned, I will still say nothing. But upon some issues it is impossible to keep silence. Mr. Huss has said some terrible things, things that must surely never be said at Woldingstanton. . . .

"Think of what such teaching as this may mean among young and susceptible boys! Think of such stuff in the school pulpit! Chary as I am of all wrangling, and I would not set myself up for a moment to wrangle against Mr. Huss, yet I feel that this cavilling against God's universe, this multitude of evil words, must be answered. It is imperative to answer it, plainly and sternly. It is our duty to God, who has made us what we are. . . .

"Mr. Huss, in your present diseased state, you seem incapable of realizing the enormous *egotism* of all this depreciation of God's marvels. But, indeed, you have suffered from that sort of incapacity always. It is no new thing. Have I not chafed under your arrogant assurance for twelve long years? Your right, now as ever, is the only right; your doctrine alone is pure. Would that God could speak and open his lips against you! How his voice would shatter

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you and us and every thing about us! How you would shrivel amidst your blasphemies!"

"Excuse me, gentlemen, if I am too forcible," said Mr. Farr, moistening his white lips, but Mr. Dad nodded fierce approval.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Farr proceeded. "When first I came into this room, Mr. Huss, I was full of pity for your affliction—I think we all were—we were pitiful; but now it is clear to me that God exacts from you less than your iniquity deserves. Surely the supreme sin is pride. You criticize and belittle God's universe, but what sort of a universe would you give us, Mr. Huss, if you were the Creator? Pardon me if I startle you, gentlemen, but that is a fair question to ask. For it is clear to me now, Mr. Huss, that no less than that will satisfy you. Woldingstanton, for all the wonders you have wrought there, in spite of the fact that never before and never again can there be such a head, in spite of the fact that you have lit such a candle there as may one day set the world ablaze, is clearly too small a field for you. Headmaster of the universe is your position. Then, and then alone could you display your gifts to the full. Then cats would cease to eat birds and trees grow on in perfect symmetry until they cumbered the sky. I can dimly imagine the sort of world that it would be; the very fleas reformed and trained under your hand, would be flushed with health and happiness and doing the work of boy scouts; every blade of grass would be at least six feet long. As for the liver fluke—but I cannot solve the problem of the liver fluke. I suppose you will provide euthanasia for all the parasites. . . ."

Abruptly Mr. Farr passed from this vein of terrible humor to an earnest and pleading manner. "Mr. Huss, with mortal danger so close to you, I entreat you to reconsider all this wild and wicked talk of yours. You take a few superficial aspects of the world and frame a judgment on them; you try with the poor foot-rule of your mind to measure the plans of God, plans which are longer than the earth, wider than the sea. I ask you, how can such insolence help you in this supreme emergency? There can be little time left. . . ."

Providence was manifestly resolved to give Mr. Farr the maximum of dramatic effect. "But what is this?" said Mr. Farr. He stood up and looked out of the window.

Somebody had rung the bell and now, with an effect of impatience, was rapping at the knocker of Seaview.

H. G. Wells.

CORRESPONDENCE

Russia and the Outbreak of the European War

SIR: Endeavoring to place upon M. Sazonoff a part of the responsibility for precipitating the outbreak of war in 1914, the New Republic in its issue of March 1st puts the case thus: "The Tsar had ordered partial mobilization on the Austrian frontier, which under the circumstances was an entirely justifiable precaution. But the Russian General Staff, with Sazonoff's knowledge, actually ordered general mobilization directed against Germany . . . it was this general mobilization of the Russian army which enabled the war party to prevail in Berlin. . . . If Russia had not completely mobilized, a diplomacy of conciliation would have had a better chance of succeeding." The New Republic apparently considers the iniquity of this act of the Russian statesman and of the military authorities at Petrograd to be the greater because it was done without the Tsar's authorization or knowledge.

All this ignores the most significant and illuminating single fact among the immediate antecedents of the war: the fact, namely, that as early as July 26th the German government had categorically informed Russia that a Russian mobilization *against Austria alone*—or, indeed, *any* "preparatory military measures" on the part of Russia—would cause Germany to mobilize and attack both Russia and France. To establish this fact, no other testimony is needed than that of the German White Book. We there learn that, on the day mentioned—that is, on the morrow of Austria's rejection of the Serbian reply to her ultimatum—the German government received rumors that "*preparations* for mobilization" were going on in certain districts of Russia, these being exclusively districts adjacent to Austria-Hungary (Exhibits 6, 7, 11); and that thereupon "the Imperial Ambassador at St. Petersburg was directed to make the following declaration to the Russian government:

"'*Preparatory military measures by Russia will force us* to counter-measures which must consist in mobilizing the army. But mobilization means war. As we know the obligation of France towards Russia, this mobilization would be directed against both Russia and France. We cannot assume that Russia desires to unchain such a European war . . .'"

Austria, however, was at this time openly making ready for hostilities against Serbia: on the 28th war was declared and on the 29th the invasion of Serbia began. On the latter date, Germany's threat of the 26th was sharply reiterated. First the German ambassador, and then the Emperor in a midnight dispatch to the Tsar, peremptorily demanded that Russia refrain from mobilizing—against Germany? No: "against Austria-Hungary." Upon Russia's decision with respect to this demand, the Emperor plainly informed the Tsar, rested "the responsibility for peace or war." Finally, Germany's formal ultimatum of July 31st demanded demobilization not only as against Germany but also as against Austria.

Thus the Russian government had, at the very beginning of the critical phase of the negotiations, received formal notice from Germany that it was permitted, in the matter of mobilization, only the choice between all or none; it must accept either war, or else a complete abstention from measures of military precaution, even along the Austrian frontier—and therewith a complete abdication of all voice in the settlement of the Austro-Serbian controversy. Any Russian statesman who should, at least at any time after July 29th, have followed the course which the New Republic blames M. Sazonoff for *not* following—who should, in other words, have stopped with a partial mobilization, against Austria alone—would have been either a fool or a traitor. For such a course would have meant challenging Germany to attack, while taking defensive measures only against Austria. The Tsar, nevertheless, appears, under pressure from his cousin in Berlin, to have contemplated

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this absurdity. The ministers of the Crowned Moon naturally over-ruled him at this perilous moment, and gave secret orders that the general mobilization should be proceeded with.

The New Republic, it should in fairness be added, is not alone in overlooking this outstanding fact in the diplomatic correspondence. An astonishingly great proportion of the historians of the events of 1914 have either disregarded it or failed to see the point of it. The fact is of historical importance, not merely because it completely vindicates M. Sazonoff and the Russian government, but also because it reveals a significant German manoeuvre—a manoeuvre as definite and as effective for its purpose as Bismarck's alteration of the Ems dispatch. The German note to Russia of July 26th was manifestly certain to have—and must therefore have been intended to have—two consequences. (1) It made war, not less, but far more likely. The controversy between Russia and Austria over Serbia might conceivably have been compromised. But by submitting to the German Emperor's dictation as to her measures of military defense against an Austria already under arms, Russia would not only have abandoned the cause of Serbia and imperilled her own security but would also have openly subjected herself to the deepest humiliation at the hands of Germany, and would plainly have done this for no other reason than fear of the German threat. A negotiator who wishes to gain his point without a quarrel is always careful to enable his opponent to "save his face" even while yielding. Germany, on the contrary, went out of her way to make it impossible for Russia to yield without public self-abasement. She did a similar thing to France, in demanding the temporary surrender of the French frontier forts as a condition of peace. Neither of these acts is easily reconcilable with any other explanation than that the German government was resolved to leave nothing undone to make war certain. (2) On the other hand, that government's policy imperatively required that the war should be made to appear a war of self-defense. Only so was there any hope of keeping Italy in the Triplice; and only so was there any appearance of united and enthusiastic support for the war from all sections of German opinion. The German threat of July 26th-29th was ingeniously adapted to serve this double object. It forced Russia to proceed at once to a *general* mobilization, and then that mobilization, precisely because it was general, could be used, and was used, to give plausibility—sufficient, at least, for the highly suggestible German public—to the cry that the Slavic hordes were preparing an unprovoked invasion of the Fatherland.

Ingenious, I have called the manoeuvre; yet surely it was also a clumsy and transparent one. It seems, therefore, a little surprising that an American editorial writer should still be misled by it into doing grave injustice to a statesman who, during those fateful days of 1914, labored faithfully to preserve the peace of Europe.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

Baltimore, Maryland.

[The letter of Arthur O. Lovejoy draws from obviously sound premises a series of doubtful conclusions. At the very outset he calls attention to the fact "that as early as July 26th the German government had categorically informed Russia that a Russian mobilization *against Austria* alone—or, indeed, *any* 'preparatory military measures' on the part of Russia—would cause Germany to mobilize and attack both Russia and France." Characterizing it as "the most significant and illuminating single fact among the immediate antecedents of the war," Mr. Lovejoy devotes to its exposition the rest of his communication, ignoring the far more significant and illuminating fact that the threat of July 26th was never carried into effect and that Germany's declaration of a "threatening danger of war" and the despatch of her ultimatum to Russia did not occur upon Russia's "mobilization against Austria," but followed Russia's formal declaration of a general mobilization on July 31st.

The whole structure of Mr. Lovejoy's argument collapses to the ground when we remember that there were two formal mobilization dates in Russia in July, 1914. They were, to quote "J'Accuse," "the partial mobilization in the four southern governmental districts on July 29th; the general mobilization on the morning of July 31st." On "July 29th the Russian government officially informed Berlin that they had mobilized four army districts." Simultaneously this information was conveyed to all the other foreign governments. And again, "the Russian partial mobilization was officially communicated to Berlin on July 29th, and the general mobilization was publicly proclaimed in Petrograd on July 31st."

Of course, no one ever disputed or has any reason to dispute the absolutely irrefutable fact of Russia's officially announced partial mobilization against Austria on July 29th. Now if Germany had carried out her threat of July 26th, which considered "a Russian mobilization against Austria alone—or, indeed, any 'preparatory military measures' on the part of Russia" as a casus belli, she would have immediately, i. e., on July 22nd, begun to "mobilize and attack both Russia and France." This, as is well known, did not happen, although Mr. Lovejoy assumes that it did and therefore indulges in some very "logical" observations. Between July 29th and 31st, however, there lay a tremendous gulf in those days of feverish activity. We know that the German militaristic clique, responsible for the threat of July 26th, did not carry it out on July 29th. We know that the Kaiser arrived in Germany from his tour in the north on July 27th. We have the assurance of the author of "J'Accuse" that, "to judge from the telegrams exchanged between the Emperor and the Tsar there appears to me to be no doubt—justice requires that this should be placed on record—that the Emperor at the moment of his return had not yet personally resolved on war. His first telegrams to the Tsar, despatched on July 28th and 29th, and especially the former, strike a tone of friendship and of an inclination to peace which scarcely leaves room for doubt that they were honorably intended." We know, that after two days of interrupted negotiations between Vienna and Petrograd when Austria was deaf to all pleas and the situation looked hopeless, Vienna suddenly changed her front and on July 30th Count Berchtold in the friendliest manner expressed to Shebeko, the Russian Ambassador in Vienna, his government's readiness to resume direct negotiations with Russia. We know that Austria then for the first time agreed to submit for discussion the contents of the note addressed to Serbia. We know that the conference between Sazonoff and the Austrian Ambassador to Russia on July 31st held out the promise of "a greater measure of success than on any previous occasion," and we all remember the ray of hope that illumined the world at the last moment, when even the European chancelleries grew openly optimistic. And all these things happened between Russia's partial mobilization against Austria and Russia's formal general mobilization!

We are fully alive to the fact that nothing can alter the original guilt of Austria for her wanton attack on

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Serbia. We are just as alive to the culpability of the German war party. We do not wish to palliate Vienna's and Berlin's criminal evasion of the hundred and one opportunities to settle the crisis without bloodshed. But after all is said and done, there stands out the generally admitted fact that at the last moment the Central Powers surprised the world by a turn-about-front, Austria giving way on the most vital point at issue. The question naturally suggests itself: "Who was responsible for the failure of this last chance to avert the world war?" And it is in an effort to find a solution to this question that we stumbled against the revelations of the Sukhomlinoff trial, which certainly deserve attention, and which disclose Sazonoff's duplicity.

From the accounts in the Russian press of the testimony of ex-War Minister Sukhomlinoff and ex-Chief of the General Staff Yanushkevitch, at the trial of the former, the following facts stand out clearly: In response to the Austrian declaration of war against Serbia, the Russian War Ministry began preparations on July 28th, 1914, for a *general* mobilization. On that day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the Tsar rang up War Minister Sukhomlinoff and ordered him to proceed only with a partial mobilization (against Austria alone), as Emperor Wilhelm had promised him (the Tsar) to prevail upon Austria to settle the trouble peaceably. But Sukhomlinoff was in favor of a general mobilization. In this he was joined by Yanushkevitch, the Chief of the General Staff.

"When Austria challenged Serbia," Yanushkevitch testified at the trial, "we naturally had to assume the role of defender of the latter. It was clear that behind Austria stood Germany and therefore I, as Chief of the General Staff, *insisted on the declaration of a general mobilization, even if it were a challenge to Germany.*"

On July 29th, in the first half of the day, the Tsar signed the decree for a general mobilization, handing it over to Yanushkevitch, who had to obtain the endorsements of three ministers before putting the order into effect (which he did early in the evening of July 29th). Meanwhile Foreign Minister Sazonoff, fully aware of the Tsar's decree, as he was also instrumental in persuading the Tsar to issue it, suggested to Yanushkevitch to send for the German Military Attaché and assure him that no general mobilization had been ordered. The Germans, however, knew instantaneously of everything that transpired in the Court, so that when at 3 p. m., on July 29th, Yanushkevitch was giving to the German Military Attaché his word of honor as Chief of the General Staff that no general mobilization had been ordered, the Attaché refused to believe Yanushkevitch, trusting his informant better. And the fact was that while Yanushkevitch was giving assurance to the German representative, the Tsar's rescript for a general mobilization was in his pocket, signed by Nicholas II., but still lacking the signatures of the three ministers. Technically, then, the Chief of the Russian General Staff had a right, at least to his own satisfaction, to assert that no general mobilization had yet been ordered.

While Yanushkevitch and the German Military Attaché were meeting in Petrograd, a second telegram from Emperor Wilhelm was being flashed to the Tsar. It urged the cessation of Russia's mobilization (still partial) and pledged the Kaiser's word of honor that Germany would not move against Russia. This telegram produced a profound impression upon the Tsar, since he had already authorized a general mobilization. He rang up Sukhomlinoff in the evening of July 29th, and ordered him to stop the mobilization. The War Minister, to employ his own words, "was distressed." He attempted to persuade the Tsar that the stoppage of the mobilization would result in terrible calamities and no benefit, and suggested that the Tsar communicate with Yanushkevitch. The Tsar immediately did so, informing the Chief of the General Staff of the Kaiser's telegram. Yanushkevitch advanced arguments similar to those of Sukhomlinoff, but "the word of honor of the German Emperor triumphed," he declared at the trial, "and I was ordered to declare only a partial mobilization."

As soon as the Tsar got through, Sukhomlinoff rang up Yanushkevitch to inquire whether the Tsar had telephoned to him. Sukhomlinoff's own testimony on the stand regarding this telephone conversation follows:

"Yanushkevitch answered in the affirmative [to Sukhomlinoff's inquiry], and said that he had pointed out to the Tsar the impossibility of stopping the mobilization for technical reasons.

"'Well, that is fine,' I said to him. 'Now what did the Tsar say?'

"'And nevertheless you will stop it?' were the Tsar's words to Yanushkevitch.

"Then I told Yanushkevitch the following: 'Take no measures toward a cessation [of the mobilization].'

"Thereby I took upon myself an immense responsibility, for which I would be threatened with much greater punishment than that which threatens me now. [Sukhomlinoff was tried for corruption and condemned to hard labor for life.] But this was the only thing I could do. To the question of the German Attaché as to the state of affairs, I replied that the mobilization was taking place only against Austria [meaning that it was only a partial mobilization, which it was not]."

Now it appears from the testimony of Yanushkevitch that although Sukhomlinoff had told him to proceed with the general mobilization, and although he did proceed with it, Yanushkevitch did not quite feel satisfied to rely on the War Minister's word alone. He therefore proceeded to Foreign Minister Sazonoff, who had also been informed by the Tsar of his order to stop the mobilization, and asked him to take the matter up with the Tsar. Sazonoff went to see the Tsar on July 30th, and was supposed to have obtained his authority to reconsider the mobilization order. A conference was arranged between Sazonoff and Yanushkevitch and Sukhomlinoff. "Thanks to our unanimous opinion regarding the mobilization," testified Yanushkevitch, "the conference lasted only five minutes. We all expressed ourselves for a general mobilization."

But the Sazonoff-Sukhomlinoff-Yanushkevitch conspiracy also had another, and a much more important, phase to it. Mr. H. N. Brailsford, the British journalist, pointed out in the London Nation for September 15, 1917:

"M. Sazonoff and his military colleagues lied to the Tsar and to Germany. These were the least of their lies. . . . Their central lie, their really prosperous lie, was told to their allies. From the 29th onwards they represented themselves as the patterns of pacific moderation, and, thanks to this, they dragged France into their war, and we followed France. This lie with many shapes stands in all its perfection in this despatch to his government from the French Ambassador, dated July 30th, while the general mobilization was actually in full swing:

"'M. Sazonoff, to whom I communicated your desire that every military measure that could offer Germany the pretext for general mobilization should be avoided, answered that in the course of last night the General Staff had suspended all measures of military precaution, so that there should be no misunderstanding. Yesterday the Chief

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of the Russian General Staff sent for the Military Attaché of the German Embassy, and gave him his word of honor that the mobilization ordered this morning was exclusively directed against Austria.'"

It is obvious from the testimony of the Sukhomlinoff trial that the formal general mobilization of July 31st was nothing but the "partial" mobilization of July 29th. Already on July 30th the Belgian charge d'affaires in Russia conveyed in his famous letter to Minister Davignon his impression that "quietly" a general mobilization was being carried out. We will let the reader draw his own conclusion as to the effect in Berlin of the disclosure what the "partial" mobilization of Russia really meant, and of the consequent effect on the fateful decisions of July 31st.

However, in calling attention to Sazonoff's record we had no intention to become involved at the present moment in a hair-splitting discussion of the Russo-German relations in July, 1914. It was merely our desire to recall Sazonoff's connection with the conspiracy of the Russian war party in so far as it was revealed by the incomplete reports abroad of the Sukhomlinoff trial. We should ourselves appreciate the fullest light on that dark affair. We should appreciate even more the haling of Sazonoff and Sukhomlinoff, both of whom are now in western Europe, before the Peace Conference Commission to inquire into the causes of the war. And we should be willing to apologize to M. Sazonoff and General Sukhomlinoff and to their defenders for any reflections on their characters if these two gentlemen had the courage to lay bare before the world's public opinion all the facts of those fateful days and answer directly all the charges levelled against them in the past two years.—The Editors]

The Churches and the Conscientious Objectors

SIR: The New Republic of March 15th contains a communication from Rev. John Haynes Holmes relative to the action of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America in the matter of conscientious objectors, which is so completely a misstatement of the facts that I feel under obligation to correct it.

The burden of Mr. Holmes's statement is that the Federal Council did not speak on this issue until recently. He says "At last, however, the Council speaks." He further says "had the Federal Council spoken in the beginning," thus intimating that the Council did not do so. He further alleges that timidity was the reason for this alleged silence.

The facts are as follows:

The very earliest date on which so large a body could be gotten together following the entrance of the United States into the war, the entire Council met May 8 and 9, 1917, for two days, at Washington. That meeting took the following action with unanimity:

> The churches have declared themselves through the Federal Council for the utmost possible extension of democracy. Therefore it is incumbent upon them to safeguard the spirit of democracy in the stress and strain of war time. Already free speech has been unreasonably curtailed and has been abused by the local authorities who have curtailed it. Its abuse is not so dangerous as its suppression. When the state compels men to military service it raises the ancient religious question of freedom of conscience. The churches which have furnished martyrs for this principle are under particular obligation to see that the conscientious objector is allowed such noncombatant service as does not violate his conscience. On both sides of this issue those who seek to apply the teachings of Jesus to a critical situation must grant both freedom and respect to others who interpret them differently.

This action was conveyed to the Secretary of War and the other interested government agencies. It was conveyed to the thirty denominations constituting the Council. It was given publicity in the secular and religious press. It was published in a volume which was widely distributed entitled, The Churches of Christ in Time of War. In its relationship to the War Department and to all concerned, this statement of principle was constantly pressed throughout the war. Later on, in October, 1918, the General War-Time Commission constituted by the Council, received information that the regulations of the Secretary of War, concerning the treatment of conscientious objectors, were not being enforced in some of the camps. A committee was immediately appointed which, after ascertaining the facts, held a conference with representatives of the War Department, laid the matter before them and received assurance that cases of brutal treatment were being investigated and that proper action would be taken.

In December, 1918, the question of asking for an amnesty for imprisoned conscientious objectors was brought to the attention of the General War-Time Commission. A committee was at once appointed to consider what attitude should be taken toward this proposal. Before making a report the committee conferred with General Munson, Judge Mack and many others. In its report it reviewed the general question of the treatment of conscientious objectors and with regard to the specific question of an amnesty made the following recommendation: "Now that hostilities have ceased, we believe that those conscientious objectors that are beyond question sincere should be granted amnesty at the time of the signing of the treaty of peace." The committee did not ask that conscientious objectors should be released *before* the signing of the treaty of peace because it did not believe that they should be released while large numbers of men who had borne the brunt of fighting were still required to suffer the hardships of remaining in France.

Inasmuch as Mr. Holmes further charges the churches with having "prostituted themselves to the work of hate," it may be worth while to state further that the Council also took the following action at its meeting in May, 1917:

> It is for the teachers of Christianity to discover what it means in war time to "love your enemies." In many communities the churches have been learning this lesson as they have been fighting against organized evil. They are now to extend this experience to the international field. It is a time to pray to be delivered from "envy, malice,and all uncharitableness." It is a time to guard the spirit against unworthy and unjust suspicions, which are the beginning of hatred toward enemies abroad or aliens at home. Those who are willing to yield their bodies for the defense of universal right are thereby ennobled, but those who harbor the spirit of vengeance thereby imperil their souls. To continue an economic war after the war, as has been proposed, would be a violation of the fundamental teachings of Jesus. It is the bounden duty of the churches to promote the spirit of reconciliation as the impetus to a cooperative world life from which our enemies shall not be excluded.

It is true, I am happy to say, that the Federal Council and its constituent churches did give unmeasured support to our nation and its allies and their soldiers, who fought for the highest ideals of justice and righteousness for which a people ever contended and, we may rest assured, they would do so again under the same sense of moral obligation.

New York City. CHARLES S. MACFARLAND.

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What to Read

BLASCO IBAÑEZ is thriving among us. The popularity of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, a popularity almost as undeserved as wide, has had the result of putting a number of other and much better novels by Ibañez into circulation. The Four Horsemen was a best seller that one could safely dodge reading, but there is real excellence in its successors. Judging by the Shadow of the Cathedral and The Dead Command there has never been an interpreter of Spanish life and manners better qualified to interest English speaking readers. His books are written out of a full experience and a capable understanding. France during war times was outside his scope; he fell back in his portrayal on sheer melodrama and propaganda. But on his own ground he discovers himself a realist with no more than the spice of melodrama that seems to be part of the Spanish mood. It begins to rain Ibañez books. We are swamped by them as we were by the Chronicles of America Series. Blood and Sand, Luna Benamor, Mare Nostrum, La Bodega, and Sonnica are printed or on the press.

Upton Sinclair complains in his own magazine that nobody has reviewed his Profits of Religion. He knew it was on an unpopular subject, but he expected at least a few disparaging notices. He opened the packets from his clipping bureau eagerly for a time, hoping against despair, but of his venture in research nothing was ever said. Instead he gets curt little notices from librarians to the effect that his book has been received but that there is nothing in the law to compel them to put it on the shelves. Evidently nothing is more cautious than a librarian, unless it is a reviewer of books. But the American public is not ripe for an explanation of all religions on the basis of the economic profit accruing to the different kinds of priests. Yet it is a book that covers the ground thoroughly, and amasses an impressive variety of evidence, not only of the cupidity of theologians but also of their close relations with exploiting capitalists. It could have taken for its text the old I. W. W. hymn, "Work and pray, live on hay; you'll get pie in the sky when you die." Perhaps Sinclair might have heard more from his Profits were he less of a reformer. He can say nothing calmly. He started out to write a thesis, and produced a Red Book.

Bolshevist, Bolshevism, Bolsheviki have become cant words in that the user of them whitewashes himself by blackening his opposition. According to John Reed's Ten Days That Shook the World the Bolsheviki now call themselves the Communist party, not as might be expected to escape the odium that has attached itself to the former name, but to indicate that they are more radical than that name implies in the original. Translated, Bolsheviki means merely a majority, and specifically in Russia today a majority of the moderate or parliamentary socialists. Nothing else has come out of Russia so thoroughly informing as John Reed's exposition. To be sure he takes the whole Russian revolution for granted as a hopeful, logical, defensible movement. He is frankly for it. But also he has presented a body of orderly and essential documents and facts which we could hardly be excused for ignoring, even though we find his manner immoderately emphatic. It seems impossible to make contemporary events look imposing. The last ten days in October may well have been the most important of the century. To say so quietly might have been convincing. To say so luridly irritates us into mistrust. The propaganda of capitalism is a far more gentlemanly and dignified affair. It comes forward suavely in a dress-suit, by its very manner putting unkempt enthusiasts in the wrong. For that matter they usually manage to put themselves in the wrong, doubtless finding it difficult to be zealous and tactful at the same time.

I read the first act of The Burgomaster of Stilemonde, and then turned the pages of the rest of it to the end, thinking to come upon something a little less flat than the opening. It seemed to get worse instead of better. An analysis of the German mind that deals only with superficial aspects, an indictment of the invasion of Belgium far weaker than any handful of facts you might casually recollect, an ineffectual statement of a very real grievance, such is Maeterlinck's play. A hearty round of cursing is praiseworthy while your enemy is still stepping on you. Feeble invective is unpleasant to hear at any time, and especially so after your adversary has been resolved into his component parts.

Nobody has so far surpassed Chekhov in making little sketches of people as they are, and as distinguished from people as they are rounded and smoothed and grooved to fit into the short-story machine. Sherwood Anderson is Chekhov's nearest competitor. Mid-American Chants is a book of verse adding nothing to the Whitman tradition, and Marching Men is a novel more promising than satisfactory, but Winesburg, Ohio, is not to be dismissed lightly. A quaint spell hangs over these little pieces from first to last. They have the flavor of frost-bitten russets found by chance under brown leaves. They conform to no rules of plot or coherence, beginning nowhere, and going back unexplained into the strange silence from which they were evolved. One feels that if the author is a little mad then madness is occasionally the salvation of artistic things.

Mr. Mordell's analysis of our most respectable authors with the avowed intention of showing up the suppressed libido was certain to be successful. It was too easy. Incidentally it reveals that the treatment of sex by modern makers of prose and poetry has been profoundly influenced by psychological discoveries. They have eaten of the tree of knowledge; their eyes are open to what they mean. Romantic love is going; except among the uninformed it is gone from our interpretations of life. It was one of those delusions which could be explained out of existence, and for Sherwood Anderson, for instance, the thing has been done. Education of different kinds is constantly destroying possibilities of making literature out of people. As John Butler Yeats points out, Synge would have found little to say about the west of Ireland if the cosmopolitan steam roller had passed over its folk. The Eve of St. Agnes and Epipsychidion would have been impossible today, and so would Marmion, for romantic war is departing with a romantic love. There is no reason why we shall not have new material for verse and prose. It is probably safe to say that the happier a man is the poorer copy he makes, but we haven't yet proved that civilization is making us happy.

Being Irish kept John Butler Yeats from sympathizing with Samuel Butler. Yet in his recently reprinted Essays he gives us the best first-hand study of Butler we have. To him the author of The Way of All Flesh was simply the typical Englishman with a dash of intellect to put edge on his malice. But he was not always malicious; he had a real desire to be kindly, to do a good turn. And in his own way he was religious. He believed for example in confession to his friends.

New books:

The Resurrected Nations, by Isaac Don Levine (Stokes).

The Rise of Nationality in the Balkans, by R. W. Seton-Watson (Dutton).

The Wild Swans at Coole, by William Butler Yeats (Macmillan).

SALANN.

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The Late Unpleasantness

Civilization, 1914-1917, by Georges Duhamel. Translated from the French by E. S. Brooks. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

A BRILLIANT view of war has found its way to this country—the gallery of William Orpen's paintings. The most telling of these paintings, so warm in color and so brightly keen in outline, are admiring portraits of British soldiers in the high command. A few of them are thoughtful, troubled-looking, irregular fellows, most of them are as sanguine (or choleric) as generalship can make them. They are, as a rule, ruddy, clear-eyed, hard-jawed commanders. There is something unpretending but also something dauntless about them. They express the fighting and dominating spirit of a race. Behind them there are big battalions, good guns and many men, and in their eyes there is empire—theirs is the kingdom, the pride and the glory.

In pure contrast is this book of Georges Duhamel, French war surgeon for four years. Sometimes behind a superb head waiter you may have seen a scullery door swing open, and there, in the back, in his underwear, a man with purple face and tousled locks may have been snapshotted as he lifted a great pan of dirty dishes, amidst the turbulent steam and the sloppy water and the offal. Comparing the banal to the monumental, this is the suggestion of contrast afforded by Georges Duhamel. It is not among the high command that he moves, but among the big battalions themselves, and not in their pride and their glory. His is the view of war after the dish has been enjoyed and the bread broken.

Around every book there is an envelope of atmosphere. The atmosphere of Dr. Duhamel's work is one of sombre and intelligent sympathy. If he had yielded more to horror, one feels he would have had to be dumb forever. And if he had yielded less to sorrow, one feels he would have been metallic in his objective intelligence. As it is, a gravity accompanies the most merciless exercise of his wit. His book was written in mud and dust, in gore and blood. It renews for the reader the long agony of from 1914 to 1917. It is a memorial of endless and irremediable suffering. It is steeped in the blood of France. And it is offered with sable humanism.

An English-speaking reader is sometimes put off by the deliberate way in which French writers stage their productions. Only once or twice does Duhamel seem to me to calculate his effects too obviously. The "face of France" in the opening paragraph—"a great brow, almost graceful in design, an expression at once profound and childlike, a dimpled chin, a proud mustache, a bitter gaiety about the mouth"—I confess this sort of thing affects me as do those confidences one receives on a railway train in regard to the teething infant. "A dimpled chin." No. Nor does the long drawn-out story of Dauche's blindfold approach to the precipice of death seem any more bearable. It is too creakingly constructed. But aside from such sensibility and such elaborate impressiveness, there is nothing in Civilization that does not seem successful. It is one of the five or ten books of the war that have in them a commensurate emotion with a minimum of emotionality. Of course the soldier may not agree. He may say, "the war is not so damn serious as all this," just as I may say, "the draft board was not so infernally calamitous as this." But Duhamel's draft board is really the pith of the draft board, not the rind of it. And the verification by the soldier requires always that the soldier not only went into the furnace but had the leaven in him beforehand. Without the leaven of imagination, experience is flat endurance, nothing more.

Few books are more terrible than Duhamel's. He has an inward smile for the eloquent hospital visitor who made Rabot laugh. He smiles at all the doctors who are going to stand right up to Monsieur le Médecin inspecteur général. "Perhaps discipline is not a French virtue," one of the fighting cocks admits. "But, thank God, we have others; and permit me to affirm that our critical spirit alone, for example—that spirit which is so fine, so keen and delicate—is worth more than all the ponderous qualities of our enemies." At this sort of vestibule-courage Duhamel is sufficiently amused. Gravely is he amused by the efforts of drunken M. Poisson to deal with the superfluous corpse, "which had quietly begun to decompose." Grimly is he amused by his own efforts to find a place for the bundle of remains, until he remembers there is room for two in his bedroom. Tenderly is he amused by the plans of poor Cousin for a salesmanship that never returns. And equally tenderly but more broadly is he diverted by the hospital's preparations for Ponceau's first chance to see his wife privately after six months. Yet, for all this steady attendant humor, the main effect of Civilization is terrible. Not like Under Fire, not like Men in War, it is equally a comprehensive acknowledgment that warfare violates humanity. It is an outspoken accusation against the holy institution of war.

Not everyone feels relieved at such candor as Dr. Duhamel's. When it comes to the really sinister and unmitigated suffering of humanity, there is by no means a uniform willingness to accept its portrayal. Almost everyone, at some point or other, wants to be spared acute realization of those atrocities which are part and parcel of "civilized" warfare. But for a relatively small number of persons the only decent escape from universal organized war-deception is the astringent reality of a man like Duhamel. Here, combined with an acceptance of nationalism and national duty, there is an honest registration of the human cost of war. The man who offers it is of course an artist, but the supreme quality of his art is its close, its inexorable, correspondence with the undress picture before him.

Much of the book's success in English is due to the translator, E. S. Brooks. The color of Duhamel's words is a large element in his astute art. The translator understands it. "M. Poisson began to breathe painfully, he wheezed like a foundered horse." "I don't remember how long it was before they brought the 'omnibus' back with Ponceau on it, or rather a sort of Ponceau, a poor fellow with a violet face, breathing loudly, babbling, snoring, with clenched fists and exhaling an odor of chloroform, an evil odor to which I have now taken an intense dislike." "It was like the little rap of a finger, brief and imperious, on a door." "'My poor boy, he'll manage to get married all the same; for I tell you there isn't a sweeter boy in the world than that one. But the two young ones, the two little ones, that was too much, all at once. Yes, it was too much.'" Such translation is exceedingly sensitive, and it makes Civilization a book to read even in English.

I have used the word "atrocity" in reference to the "civilized" wounds of warfare. I am thinking of the wounded men and dead men described by Dr. Duhamel. There is Revaud, the jolly fellow in the room for the dying. The odors of his leg before it is amputated are unpleasant. He lies near the sightless Remeusot. . . . Ponceau has a wound in his thigh, "a hideous wound, large enough to hold a soldier's képi,—a great greenish wound, with the bone broken at the bottom." . . . Rabot has a serious

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wound. "Everything conspired to make him weep. He had fearful, interminable dressings, repeated every day for months; he was compelled to remain motionless, which prevented him from playing with his comrades." . . . Cousin has a splintered leg. "The blood percolated through the dressings in drops that grew larger and larger, like a scarlet sweat, like the morning dew on cabbage leaves." . . . Dauche has a fragment of metal irremovable from his brain. He dies after months of seeming immunity, with every obscene horror to mark his degeneracy. . . . Louba has been almost destroyed, his face blown away. . . . Réchoussat has a fragment of shell in his back, wounded hopelessly despite all the drainage and dressings. . . . And so on. And these wounds, characteristic of "civilized" warfare, are often of such a nature that in spite of the best surgery in the world the end is inevitably a prolonged and hopeless dying, accompanied by torture so exquisite that no narcotic is able to do more than weave a thin film over the excited consciousness. This torture, the direct result of wounds devised by man, is as terrible as any torture practised by the Inquisition or by the cruelest of Indians. Medical science simply taps at the window-pane of such sufferers and makes gestures as to its good intention.

A war in which unconventional atrocities were nothing compared to conventional ones, in which there was literally no end to diabolic suffering, such a war might easily have numbed Dr. Duhamel into silence. Instead, against the crimson and gray of this pain for continuous background, he has arranged his objective sketches of the tragi-comedy. One cannot forget, as one reads him, those dauntless gold and red portraits of British officers that preserve the glory of headquarters for the New Social Order of Britain. Duhamel would smile at them. Behind them, in his patience and pity, he would see the humbleness and endurance of the poilu, the awful statistical certainty of the wounded, the oozing pus and the gorged flies and the great wholesale dump of corpses, with perhaps a kind attendant like the one who sought for Cuvelier, the Cuirassier. But while Duhamel is occupied very little with the proud high command and is quietly ironical about French pretensions in regard to independence and equalitarianism, he is not of the type who finds in the war an excuse for social withdrawal. On the contrary, he identifies himself completely with the country he loves and the common soldiers who threw their rampart of flesh around her. Where he differs from the Orpens is not in patriotism but in militarism. He has no pride, no swagger, no bombast, no heroics. The war was founded for him on the bodies of broken men. With our 7,000,000 human dead and our 35,000,000 human wounded as a base cemented by blood, Duhamel has little thought for the military fruits of war or for the incidental magnificence of general staffs. He is willing to expose the process itself, to let his judgment of it shine through the description of the process, and leave to others the analysis of those ideas and policies that demand a process like war.

But while Duhamel took his chances with the France he loved, one feels in every sketch in this book a reproach against the old order that amounts to revolt. The old statecraft led to these stenching wounds and these desperate surgeries and these anonymous mounds of dead. Duhamel asks of Europe: Do you not *yet* intend to "return good for evil"! The old statecraft at Paris is concocting some statesmanlike answer, while Revaud and Rabot and Cousin and Dauche are the food of maggots.

F. H.

Fielding

The History of Henry Fielding, by Wilbur L. Cross. New Haven: Yale University Press. $15.

THAT rag-bag of the English mind, eccentric, without system, arbitrary, that Henry Adams speaks of, was never better illustrated than by the course of Henry Fielding in his critics' and biographers' hands. On that subject the English mind seems never to have known just what it did think. That "country of three hundred religions and one sauce," pestered with the inconsequences of pure theology, capable of being turned upside down by a vicar's defection from the church, has been put to every shift by the breadth and frankness of Fielding's art and by the reputed looseness of his living.

The onslaught began with politics when Fielding first went up to London, where slander was a part of the technique of letters. Murphy, with good enough intentions, perhaps, kept too much of it in the account written for the first collection of Fielding's works, shortly after his death. Since then Sir Walter Scott, William Watson, Thackeray, E. P. Whipple, Leslie Stephen, Taine, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, George Saintsbury, Henley, and more than a score of others, have been added to the lists of Fielding's interpreters, not to speak of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's friendly and vivacious incomprehensions. All of these have been Murphy more or less continued; Murphy sometimes complicated by eighteenth century propriety and formal piety, sometimes by Victorian idealism or respectability or hypocrisy, as might happen. Scott, when he wrote of Fielding, recognized his genius to some extent, but left the record full of foolish contradictions and generalities. Godwin called Tom Jones as a piece of art one of the most admirable performances in the world, but as style and thought only contemptible; and says that whenever Fielding pleases us he seems to go out of himself: two remarks that ultimately are nonsense, but represent pretty well Fielding's luck in criticism. Thackeray accepts the tradition of Fielding, and makes a false portrait all the more damning through its vividness and charm; he praises him beyond words as his master and in the same breath makes a silly apology for the man. Every contradiction and every inconsistency, every platitude and every moralistic whim has fallen on Fielding, every sort of unrigorous thinking, prejudice, wayward choice. But there has been no end of praise intended at least, and much praise given. Gibbon spoke of the massive completeness of Tom Jones, which he found comparable to his own history of the decay of an empire; and Samuel Butler put the book above Job and the Psalms and the Prophets. In the address delivered when the Thomas bust of Fielding was unveiled, Lowell made the best estimate of them all; though the tone he took was relegated by the public to the forms of occasional or monumental courtesy. But all of them, even Austin Dobson, went on borrowing the myths and legends around Fielding's name and inexcusably muddled the dates and personages of Fielding's history. And all of them left the lists of his political writings and pamphlets shamelessly incomplete and uninvestigated. The record of Fielding has been the worst scandal in English scholarship.

Professor Cross, however, very wisely refuses to allow this uncritical jumble to bring about the confusion and ruin of his history. He goes straight ahead with the statement of Fielding's life and work and leaves biographers and critics to the third volume, when the main task is ended.

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Neither does he make the mistake of setting up a defense of Fielding. He puts no great pother on Fielding's morality, but sets him sensibly into the morality of his age and leaves the facts to speak for themselves. Here was a man who was the leading dramatist in England throughout his twenties. He was also a lawyer, a magistrate, a diligent reformer of and commentator on English law and social conditions. He ran four periodicals, writing most of them. He was the author of many thousand pages of novels. He had tenderness and heart and an inextinguishable vitality and gift for acquaintance. And, finally, he died before he was forty-eight.

One easily concludes that a man who carried out so many things and brought to success so much work, could not have been the debauchee, idler, Gargantua, Falstaff and Apache that the biographers from Murphy on down would have us believe. Professor Cross, in spite of Austin Dobson's remark that the portrait of Fielding was so well established that there was no use trying to alter it, practically wipes out the Henry Fielding of his enemies on one hand, and of his apologists on the other. And, whatever we may think of the relation of the artist's life to his work, it is clear that in Fielding's case this puzzle of the man contrasted and confused with the work left behind him had to be cleared up before criticism could set about its main business. Besides the history, Professor Cross fully records Fielding's relation to reading and thought, both of his own time and of the ancients, the size of his library—which was larger than any literary's man's of the day, Dr. Johnson's not excepted; the profound range he had in books as well as men; and such influences as Lucian and Swift, Scarron and Cervantes.

But there must be, however, another way to judge a book of this sort. There must be a point of view from which any author who is still alive for the readers of literature must still be a living figure. So that for complete success Fielding must stand out clear, his works touching the world. In this sense Professor Cross meets with a severer test; not the mere scholarly in the usual and limited sense of the word, but the literary in its widest meaning. That seems ungrateful, but yet, in judging a biography, it must follow as the night the day.

In my opinion Fielding is the only great novelist in English; by which I mean that he is the one summit in the art, as Mozart put it, of the rank of Tolstoi or Dostoievsky or Cervantes. As a dramatist, too, I call Fielding the greatest endowment in the service of English drama since the time of the Elizabethans. His career was cut short after ten years by Walpole and politics, but not since Shakespeare and Ben Jonson has there been brought to the English theatre such powers for character and incident and humor as Fielding possessed. His influence runs on in English drama in terms of Sheridan, Goldsmith, and others, though the fact is usually left out of literary history. But so far as he was concerned, everything passed into the technique of his novels. In Fielding the incidents and the characters are always touched with the underscoring of the theatre. The architecture of such a book as Tom Jones relies on the sure framework of drama and achieves a completeness of which such a master as Scott, for example, had no conception. But there has always been in English history and English thinking a strange disregard of power and a strange accentuation of volition, a confusion of heaviness with profundity, and of sterile good intention and earnestness with creative vitality. Fielding as well as Byron has suffered from this inability to recognize the role of vitality and power per se in great art. His critics have not known how to gauge the importance of his huge creativeness, observation, invention and sanity. The biographer of such a man, therefore, takes on himself the revelation of almost the whole world of life and art.

With all the consummate research that shames his forerunners, Professor Cross's history must be said from this point of view to lack the great note. It comes short, sometimes far too short, on the relation of this force, this immense personality, this greatest power in English fiction, to æsthetic and social bearings.

The matter of influence, for example, will serve to illustrate my meaning. One may cut down deeper than the mere statement of borrowed devices, scenes and so forth between Fielding and Lucian or Cervantes or Scarron, into the vital kinship between two minds. There is no need to insert treatises on Cervantes or Lucian, not that necessarily. But by choiceness of comment, sometimes even a pregnant phrase alone, relationships may be made into luminous comments on the things related and on life. In that way we may get the sense of just what section of life underlies these kindred minds; may get from Lucian with his irony, Scarron of the Deux Frères Rivaux and the Deux Jalouses, and Cervantes and Fielding, the sense of the continuity of certain phases of living, get a revealing sense of unity in some human experience and the art that arises from it. That may be asking too much of most scholarship. I know, of course, that a kind of patter about borrowings and sources is popular enough in some quarters; but nothing could be emptier than citations and tracings set forth without import or significance. At most it all amounts to a sort of academic knitting. Professor Cross does not always avoid this fault.

The book comes short most of all in the creation of

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Fielding, or rather the maintenance of him, as a living figure. That might be impossible if we are to keep the mass of detail and reference piled up in the three volumes. And it is easy to argue that all this is necessary if the ground is to be cleared and covered. In that case, perhaps, a short account chosen by the author from this mass of detail might come more alive. Or, perhaps, some other hand will have now to do for Fielding what Rolland has done for Michelangelo. But certainly Professor Cross's scholarship, both in the history and in the amazing bibliography made in collaboration with Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, has supplied every possible material toward this living Fielding and his widest significance.

STARK YOUNG.

Almost a Romance

The Spanish Conquerors. Chronicles of America Series Volume 2, by Irving Berdine Richman. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.50.

HISTORY as it is written today is usually a most responsible business. The historian does not invite you to linger over the dignity and splendor of this great king or the picturesque crimes of that base usurper. He does not summon you to forget the dreary details of your daily life and sink yourself in the dreams of power of a Wallenstein or a Napoleon. Instead he tells you how the politicians and churchmen fought over revenues and what institutional good or disaster came of it; how the merchant sweated his fortune out of universal poverty and what kind of clothes he put on his wife and children; how hard the laborer had to toil and what his wages could buy. That is as it should be. In these serious times we, the common people, ought to busy ourselves about knowing the life of the common people of all ages; and if we wish at times to shirk this duty, we still have our Herodotus and Plutarch, as good as new in spite of the moth bites of the scholars.

Certain pages in history will still persist in being romantic, just as the stiffest young moralist will sometimes fall in love. Of these unlawful pages there is none to compare with the era of Spanish conquest in America. Columbus we may set aside, if we will, as too much of a moral object to fire the imagination. With all his patient pleading year after year to win the royal assent and means to put through a work soon done, he is very useful as a model to set before the school boy. But his personality remains pale, in comparison with that of the headstrong and unscrupulous knights and adventurers that swarmed after him to find riches and honor, or more frequently violent death in the Spanish Main. Ojedo, Nicuesa, Balboa, Valdivia, Coronado, Pedrarias, Grijalva, Cortes, Almagro, Pizarro —each one of these, and many others, would be a sufficient protagonist for a great drama. The history of the Conquest composes itself like Homer, with plenty of heroes, one almost as good as another, and each one, though a leader of men, exhibiting personal prowess more eagerly than a leader's contriving skill. They were bigots, plotters, often scoundrels but they were as resolute as they were ruthless. It is good that their kind is extinct, but past times are rich enough to afford them.

Since Irving and Prescott the glory of the period of conquest has been growing more and more obscured under the web of meticulous scholarship. In commissioning Mr. Richman to rewrite the history for the Chronicles of America it was plainly the intention of the editors of the series to enable the layman to see the glory again quite clear. In part Mr. Richman's book realizes this intention. The reader does perceive the stir of the era. He does acquire a feeling of personal acquaintance with the heroes, a sympathy with their ambitions, however unethical. You see with Cortes the magnificence of the city of Tenochtitlan (Mexico) and share with him the hope of plundering it. You glow with Pizarro over the ransom of the Inca, a room full of gold. You almost share the illusions of Columbus, but not quite.

You can almost visualize the several voyages of Columbus and his successors, but not quite. There is always some detail that throws you off the track and you pick up your hero a hundred leagues farther on. You almost think you realize the conditions in which a gallant band is living, and then you find they are starving when you thought they were gorged with plenty. Deadly animosities spring up unexpectedly for you like whirlwinds in the desert. When you have finished the book your gratitude to the author is mingled with a sense of grievance. He was too niggardly with the sluices of his imagination; therefore his episodes, laden with precious freight, jostle one another or scrape bottom painfully. At times he has tried to substitute rhetoric for imagination and you resent it. Rhetoric is itself something to be floated, and that of Mr. Richman too often sticks on the bottom. "Not alone were there warriors in countless masses. Such had there been in Mexico. Not alone . . . Such . . . Not alone . . . Such . . ." Repetitions like this are hard on the reader when there is gold to be seized or throats to be cut. Homer could do this sort of thing, but we of today had better get down to business. So much for our grievances. The book is nevertheless interesting, worth while. It is no doubt sound, constructed according to the best professional technique. If only the author would rewrite the book some time when he is a thousand miles away from his notes so that he might be forced to confine himself to the things he could remember and the things the reader would like to remember, we might have a chronicle worthy of the historians of old time.

The Heroic Couplet

The Song of Three Friends, by John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company, $1.25.

IN an age that has no special craving for poetry—and which has accepted as its own only the imagistic lyric—the question of form is almost insurmountably difficult. There are stories and dramas that demand versification if they are to be told at all, but we have rejected the old forms as out-dated, and as yet have found nothing new to substitute for them. The man who sets out to tell a tale in verse is taking a handicap so far as popularity is concerned, for not many will read Spenserian stanzas or the royal rhyme of Chaucer so long as they can find other poetry in a more modern, more understandable idiom. It will add to nobody's stature to argue the point; the public is a law to itself, and the public has made its decision in the usual tacit fashion. John Masefield took the handicap and got a following in spite of it. But lesser folk than Masefield have made names nearly equal with his by the simple expedient of sticking to the present poetic vogue.

Not everybody can stick to it; certainly the capacity of imagistic vers libre for narrative is so slight that the epic poet may as well resign himself at once to an uphill fight no matter what form he resurrects. John G. Neihardt has

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8. that amendments to the draft providing for Democratic representation, for increase of membership of Executive Council without amendment of the Covenant, for admission of Germany and Russia on establishment of stable democratic governments, for making all proceedings public, and for rendering amendments easier, are to be pressed while hope of their acceptance remains, but that such action must not be allowed to endanger the Covenant as a whole;

9. that as soon as the Covenant has been finally drafted and accepted at Paris, all liberal-minded Americans must concentrate every faculty on working for its speedy ratification by the United States Senate;

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chosen for his last poem the form most burdened of all with tradition, most antipathetic to the modern mood—the heroic couplet. Even Masefield and his imitators have in the main avoided it. It is the most chunky, the most slab-like, the most irreducible medium ever widely used for English narrative. Dryden occasionally, and Keats once, in Lamia, but no others that I remember, have employed it profitably. Though Mr. Neihardt knew it was a dangerous form, and went about cautiously to invent his own devices for avoiding its flat-wheel thudding, success in the project demanded more than care. He has done extraordinarily well, but he has not quite made us forget his difficulties.

He has in fact added to the unavoidable archaic quality of rhymed pentameter by the inclusion of a number of figures, words, phrases, and allusions that were part of the poetic stock in trade in the days of Pope and Addison. The real clarity of thought and sentence-structure which he deliberately achieves is often negated by a reference to Clio or a self-conscious designation of his poem as "the Song"—in the manner of Milton addressing his muse. The worst tradition of English verse crops out in such lines as

> "Bronzed with exposure to the wind and sun,
> Behold the splendid creature that was Fink!"

Yet the ability to write an unmannered, concise English which is proved by the introductory note is apparent through the length of The Song of Three Friends. When there are no out-worn methods of expressing his thought Mr. Neihardt can make new and powerful images, can speak directly and exactly. Whoever has observed the sudden flight of a prairie covey will recognize the truth of

> "A passing knoll exploded into wings,"

and any reader will discover a peculiar fitness in its context for

> "Like a bow
> That feels the arrow's head the moon hung low."

The story of the poem is of three friends who are part of the rough life along the Mississippi in the early nineteenth century. They are taken a bit seriously as heroic figures, but the fist fight between two of them over the love of an Indian maiden is related with a vigor that needs no Homeric comparisons to sustain it. The subsequent treachery of Fink, the death of Carpenter, the prairie fire, and the Dantesque revenge of Talbeau upon the faithless comrade, are good drama. They hold and thrill; the actors are endowed with an amount of reality and life that a vitalizing imagination only could confer; more, for example than Amy Lowell, though infinitely superior in technique, has ever been able to put into a narrative poem. The Song deserves far more in readers and consideration than it has a chance of getting. It has the odds against it, and is not sufficiently rugged to win out over them.

M. A.

Contributors

to this issue

CLIVE BELL, an English literary and art critic. The author of Art, and Pot-Boilers.

WILLIAM HARD, a regular contributor to the New Republic.

H. G. WELLS.

The Tiger of France;
A Modern Joan of Arc;
Alfred Noyes;
Resurrected Nations, etc.

¶ The British Socialist, *H. M. HYNDMAN*, in his authorized **CLEMENCEAU; The Man and His Time,** gives not only the best existing presentation of that life-long radical, the Tiger of France, but also *the* leading biography of the year, in the opinion of critics who know. The *N. Y. Times* terms it "*a book of Clemenceau, a book of modern France, a book of the war and its intrigues.*"

¶ One of the most remarkable human documents we have ever published is **YASHKA: My Life as Peasant, Officer and Exile,** by *MARIA BOTCHKAREVA.* The N. Y. *Evening Post* says of it, "A record so sensational in its incidents as almost to appear incredible, this chronicle of the life of Maria Botchkareva is remarkable alike as a human document and for the picture it paints of war-time Russia in the throes of Bolshevik propaganda."

¶ All of *ALFRED NOYES'* verse since 1914 is collected in **THE NEW MORNING,** including his great war poem, "The Avenue of the Allies," and such other well-liked poems as "Princeton, 1917," "Kilmeny," "The Phantom Fleet," "The Vindictive," etc.

¶ Even a partial understanding of the news of the day necessitates a knowledge of the histories of the peoples presenting their national claims to the Peace Conference. *ISAAC DON LEVINE'S* **THE RESURRECTED NATIONS** gives the essential facts, briefly and interestingly, of the histories of Poland, Arabia, Jugoslavia, Armenia and fourteen other nations freed by the Great War.

¶ Sane, thoughtful suggestions for a practical coalition of nations are found in *SEVERIN NORDENTOFT'S* **PRACTICAL PACIFISM AND ITS ADVERSARIES.** The fact that Dr. Nordentoft is a representative citizen of a neutral country, Denmark, lends peculiar significance to what he has to say.

¶ **THE IRISH CONVENTION AND SINN FEIN,** by *W. B. WELLS* and *N. MARLOWE,* gives the political history of Ireland from July, 1916, to April, 1918, concretely and logically.

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The Cause of Stomach Acidity and Fermentation

How to Remove it in 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

IF I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say emphatically—"Beware of acid stomach." For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of a hundred ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that ninety per cent of all sickness starts with acid stomach. Yet the cause of stomach acidity can be removed in 48 hours!

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach, and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood causing autointoxication, nervousness, mental depression, and countless ills of which this is but the beginning.

Every one of the vital organs in time becomes affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves, and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body. Even the teeth are affected by acid stomach, for the gums recede and pyorrhœa will be the result.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid because they are stronger than the acid. This ultimately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only to come back to the stomach in greater quantities at the next meal.

How much more sensible would it be to attack this disorder at its source. Instead of attempting to neutralize the acid after it has formed, why not prevent it from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating, and the remedy must be found in the field of the cause—in eating correctly.

The individual sufferer from indigestion, acidity, fermentation, gas and such disorders has not carried his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself, in 48 hours, as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take up the study of food in the first place was because he himself, as a young man, was a great sufferer from stomach and intestinal trouble.

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists of the day, after everything within their power had failed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

Believing that wrong eating was the cause and that right eating was the only cure, he took up the study of foods and their relation to the human system. What he learned not only restored his own health in a remarkable short space of time, but has been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed, with almost invariable success, even though most of them went to him as a last resort.

Christian says that all stomach and intestinal disorders, with their countless sympathetic ills, are caused by wrong selections and wrong combinations of food, and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating acid-creating food combinations into our stomachs already surcharged with acid.

The word diet is one which has an unpleasant sound—it makes us think of giving up all the things we like for those we have no taste for. But Eugene Christian's method is entirely different—instead of asking his patients to give up the things they enjoy, he prescribes menus which are twice as enjoyable as those to which the patient is accustomed.

Christian believes in good foods deliciously cooked—the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home store, hotel, or restaurant. He says that most of the things we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food good in itself, when combined with another equally good food, produces an acid reaction in the stomach; whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.

Unfortunately, each food we eat at a meal is not digested separately. Instead, all of the foods we combine at the same meal are mixed and digested together. Consequently, if we eat two or more articles at the same meal which don't go well together, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas, and all kinds of digestive trouble.

At Eugene Christian's New York office there is a constant stream of men and women who go to him for treatment after having tried everything else, and rarely are they disappointed in the outcome. Some of the results he has attained read like fairy tales. I know of a number of instances where his rich patrons have been so grateful for their restoration of health and energy that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying it.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Euge Christian's advice and whose cas he is unable to handle personally th he has written a course of little le sons which tells you exactly what eat in order to overcome the ailme which is troubling you.

These lessons, there are 24 them, contain actual menus f breakfast, luncheon, and dinne curative as well as corrective, cove ing all conditions of health and sic ness, including stomach acidity, co stipation, and all intestinal disorde from infancy to old age and all occ pations, climates, and seasons. The also tell you how to reduce and ho to gain.

With these lessons at hand it is just though you were in personal contact wi the great food specialist, because eve possible point is so thoroughly cover and clearly explained that you can scarc ly think of a question which isn't a swered. You can start eating the ve things that will remove the causes of yo disorder the day you receive the lesso and you will find that you secure resul with the first meal. Many people wh have suffered for years from acid sto ach find that their ailment vanishes com pletely in 48 hours.

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